Every Week

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The Lesson of a Failure

DO you want to do some reading that will be intensely interesting as well as profitable? Read the story of some of the great failures of the world. Find out what caused them.

We have recently been reading the story of a colossal failure—the defeat of the Spanish Armada, as told by the historian Froude.

The Armada was the greatest fleet the mediæval world had ever seen. It consisted of 150 ships, and carried more than 30,000 sailors and soldiers.

It was fitted out by Philip II of Spain to conquer England, and was meant to overwhelm all resistance by its size. It carried more than 2500 guns.

Yet this magnificent fleet, the mightiest in the world, was met by a little fleet under Lord Howard and decisively defeated.

Why?

Because the Spanish were not so brave as the English? No. Because their guns were inferior? Not at all.

The Spanish Armada failed because its commander had no faith in himself. Read this letter, which he wrote to the King when he was notified of his appointment. It is one of the most shameful letters ever written:

> My health is bad [he wrote], and from my small experience of the water I know that I am always seasick. I have no money which I can spare. [As a matter of fact, he was the richest nobleman in Spain.] The expedition is on such a scale and the object of it is of such high importance, that the person at the head of it ought to understand navigation and sea-fighting, and I know nothing of either. I have not one of these essential qualifications. I have no acquaintance among the officers who are to serve under me. Were I competent otherwise, I should have to sit in the dark by the opinion of others, and I can not tell to whom I may trust. The Adelantado of Castile would do better than I. Our Lord would help him, for he is a good Christian and has fought in naval battles. If you send me, depend upon it, I shall have a bad account to render of my trust.

Think of Philip II sending a man to command his fleet who would write a letter like that!

How could such a commander expect 30,000 men to have any faith in him, when he had absolutely none in himself?

Yet the headstrong King *did* send him; and the result was one of the most monumental disasters of history.

Men fail for many reasons.

Some because they overreach themselves—because they have too much self-confidence.

But there is another kind of failure that is far worse—the failure of those who, as Goethe says, "make no mistakes, because they never wish to do anything worth doing."

For goodness' sake, *make mistakes.*

If you are going to fail at all, let it be because you believe too much in yourself.

That, at least, is a man's way to fail.

Side-Stepping Stoutness

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

"WHAT causes obesity, and how may it be prevented?"

A moderate excess of fat is one of our very best forms of life and health insurance. It is a storehouse of food and energy—a fuel reserve for times of stress. If we are to remain healthy, every tissue of the body, except the nails and teeth, must contain more or less of some form of it.

If we are stricken by fever, or any wasting disease, we have thirty per cent. better chances of recovery if we are comfortably plump than if we are spare and emaciated. Fever burns fuel; physiologically, it is cheaper to give it fat to oxidize than it is to let it burn up more vital tissue.

Each ounce increase in the consumptive's weight increases his prospects of ultimate recovery. Many neurasthenics are physically as well as nervously bankrupt, and one of the most successful methods of restoring their nervous balance is to fatten them.

Yet there is a point beyond which fat is excess baggage; for no man who has to rock his abdomen to sleep in his lap is properly qualified for the hurdles of life.

In obesity the heart and lungs must work harder, and fatty degeneration of important internal organs is not unusual. Fat folk are especially liable to heat prostration, hardening of the arteries, dropsy, skin eruptions, diabetes, asthma, apoplexy, gallstones, and gout. They stand operations poorly, and lack resistance to acute infection. They are very prone to anæmia and conditions resulting from lack of red cells in the blood.

Yet there are some things worse than being too plump. These are the methods sometimes used to eradicate the condition. Remedies and methods that "just make the fat fly" are extremely likely to make the owner of the fat fly also.

The only two internal remedies that have any certain value as "fat reducers" are so uncertain as to what else they may do that they should never be used except on medical advice. Most other remedies are valueless.

This was demonstrated by the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, which recently "tested out" a series of "fat-reducing" nostrums. Two subjects were obliged, after the second week, to stop taking a "favorite specific" of a great obesity specialist. If they hadn't stopped, the "cure" might have killed them. Another subject passed two and a half pounds on a "guaranteed discovery."

Another method of being swindled getting slim consists in placing Epsom salts, washing soda, or other alkalis in the bath. These and similar innocuous compounds are the basis of most of the external obesity cures—where you simply put a few cents' worth of something for which you paid a dollar into the bath water and the fat is "washed away"—vanishing with a chuckling gurgle down the waste-pipe.

But, it will be asked, is there no way of parting amicably with this dangerous surplus? There are ways. But they lie over the rough and arduous paths of self-denial.

First, it must be recognized that there are certain diseases in which excessive corpulency is merely a symptom, among which are dropsy and disturbances in the pituitary and other glands. Before fat reduction is attempted these causes must be excluded.

The Cure—Diet and Exercise

FAILING to find such a cause, we may remember that fat is derived from food; and, no matter how little food we may be eating, we are getting either the wrong kind or too much of the right kind. So it requires merely that we reduce the fuel intake of food to a point below the expenditure of bodily activity, or else increase bodily activity until more than the daily intake of food energy is consumed—or both. In short, the cure for obesity is less eating and more exercise.

While the system can make fat out of any food-stuff, it makes it with almost ridiculous ease from starches and sugars. Alcohol also, by unduly hastening the conversion of albumins, sets free fat-producing substances that materially assist in padding the blanket of fat.

Yet it is not necessary to punish one's self dietetically or to risk certain dangers to acquire svelteness. It is merely necessary to eliminate all surplus and to limit the amount of food to that required to maintain strength.

This is accomplished by relying upon lean meats, with liberal amounts of green vegetables. These may include lettuce, celery, tomatoes, onions, parsley, and sour fruits. Also salads without oil.

Pork and all fat meats, oily fish,—such as mackerel and salmon,—potatoes, rice, pie, tapioca and all farinaceous puddings should be avoided. Also beer and malt liquors, rich gravies and sauces, cakes, pastries, ice cream, beets, sweet fruits,—as figs, prunes, dates, grapes, and oranges,—candies and all sugars, so far as possible. Graham bread and gems, or dry toast, may be substituted for white bread.

Fluids should be limited in quantity, but not so limited that the system will suffer from lack of one of its principal sources of elimination. A cup of hot or cold water, with the unsweetened juice of half a lemon, on rising, and another in the afternoon, helps to keep the liver active, and sometimes aids fat reduction.

The use of plain soups, which are filling but not fattening, should be encouraged. Buttermilk or soured milk, if taken slowly, a small mouthful at a time, makes a nourishing and satisfying meal. If the food is thoroughly chewed, much less of it will satisfy the appetite. Masticate each mouthful until swallowing becomes almost an involuntary act.

Cold-water baths, if they do not cause rheumatism or nervous shock, are an excellent aid in fat reduction. It is well to avoid sleeping too much, and it is especially advisable to forgo the doubtful luxury of the afternoon nap. We build tissue faster during sleep than we do while active or awake. Six or seven hours of uninterrupted sleep—provided one feels recuperated—should be enough.

Exercise of all kinds is indispensable. When it can be indulged in, swimming is probably the best form, as it exercises the little-used muscles of the abdomen as well as nearly every other muscle in the body. The cold water also melts away the fat.

All outdoor activities, and forms of gymnastics that can be practised in well ventilated rooms, are very beneficial. In fact, all muscular exertion that does not put too much strain upon the heart and circulatory apparatus is helpful.

Other Helpful Exercises

SOME derive benefit from "rolling." Others crawl, bend, stretch, stoop, twist, and turn. Others gallop about on all fours, to the great confusion of fat. Lying upon the back and slowly raising the legs with stiffened knees, then lowering them with equal deliberation, discourages embonpoint. That classic exercise known as "picking pins," in which the devotee stands with stiffened knees and, with outstretched fingers, touches the floor repeatedly, also punishes ponderosity.

Kicking is good for hips and bad for fat. High kicking, à la ballet dancer; front kicking, soirée fashion; and side and back kicking, male fashion, are all effective.

Turkish baths will reduce flesh; but people who are strong enough to withstand their debilitating influence are strong enough to get rid of their excess fat in safer ways.

Depend rather upon the tape measure than upon scales for affirmative evidence that you are parting with your too bountiful store. For fat is of a sponge-like texture and very light in weight.

But remember that any method that produces irritability, restlessness, weakness, or an uncomfortable craving for food, is doing far more harm than are the few extra pounds of peaceful adipose.

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"War Brides"—and Bridegrooms

By FREEMAN TILDEN

RUNNING a "shoestring" of $312 up to a fortune of $3,000,000 in the course of a few years' speculation comes pretty near being equal to getting possession of the original Aladdin's lamp. Yet that is the story of Jesse L. Livermore, the "boy wonder" who broke into Wall Street in 1900 and set the oldest inhabitants agasp with his successful operations.

Livermore was still in his twenties when he came to New York. He had been a "blackboard boy," marking up quotations in a brokerage house in Boston at a maximum salary of six dollars a week. By dint of saving his tips, he managed to accumulate a little more than three hundred dollars, and with that he started out to conquer the market. In his apprenticeship at the blackboard he had picked up a few salient points, and he quickly developed a keen judgment of market probabilities. After he had accumulated $25,000 in Boston, he came over to Wall Street for bigger game.

In 1907 Livermore was shrewd enough to realize that the over-speculation that had been going on would be followed by heavy liquidations; and he went "short" of Union Pacific, Reading, and copper stocks. In a few months his $25,000 had been stretched to $250,000. He bought a fine house, a yacht, and a string of automobiles, and went to Europe. But Livermore was just resting.

The following year found this young fellow, with his boyish face and manner, back in Wall Street. He looked over the field, and perceived a fact that none of the experienced insiders had observed—the cotton market was over-sold, and nearly every one had sold it short. Livermore poured every cent he could scrape into the market, and sent the bears scurrying. For a few days he actually ran the cotton market to suit himself. When the rise in the price of cotton finally paused, Livermore was credited with having cleaned up at least three millions.

Although nothing quite so spectacular as the rise of Jesse Livermore has happened in the present mad rush of speculation in war stocks,—"war brides," as the Street has nicknamed them,—there has probably never been an instance in the history of the Street when so many outsiders have gone in with little capital and come out with good-sized fortunes. The lure of quick money has attracted to the stock market in the last few months thousands of accounts of persons who never before took a chance. Stories innumerable have gone the rounds of fortunes made by messenger boys, manicure girls, waiters, chauffeurs, and others of humble occupations. And, in the main, these stories are authentic. In most cases it is impossible to give the names of the lucky speculators, for two reasons: first, the houses through which the profits were made do not make it a practice to divulge them; and second, the lucky ones themselves are never particularly fond of becoming identified with fortunes made in this manner—which fact speaks loudly as to the ethics of speculation, even in the eyes of those who profit by it.

There is the case, for instance, of a former hallman in one of the big office buildings frequented by curb brokers. This man, who had a large and growing family, and a salary not too large to care for them, was forced to listen, day after day, to the stories of easy money that was being made in certain stocks sold only on the curb. Day after day visions of new fortunes were dangled before his eyes. Finally he could stand it no longer. He had saved until he fairly lost his head. He had saved a little money—perhaps $800 at most. He drew it out of the savings bank and carried it with him twenty-four hours before he could make up his mind to risk it. Then he confided his plans to one of the curb brokers who had always been generous with tips.

"I wouldn't take any chances with your roll, if I were in your place," replied the broker. "You can't afford to lose. But if you've been bitten by this bug, I suppose you'll do it anyway. This Electric Boat stock looks good. You may as well lose it on that as anything else."

He Knew Enough to Quit

THE hallman bought the stock at 22. At 26 he got frightened and sold it; bought again at 70, took a small profit, then bought again at 85, and kept his nerve till it ran up to over 300. At that last point he went to the friendly broker with tears of excitement in his eyes and asked for advice.

"I don't know a blamed thing more about this crazy market than you do," was the reply, "but you'd better quit." And the hallman quit, a winner of more than a hundred thousand dollars. If he had kept on he might have made still more money, but he says he is satisfied. He is going back to northern New York and buy a farm.

In fact, this Electric Boat stock has been one of the marvels of the "war bride" speculations. Last year you would have had hard work to find any one that ever heard of such a stock. About the time Von Kluck was approaching the Marne, you could have bought any quantity of it at thirteen dollars a share. And at that period a daring and enthusiastic curb broker named J. Robinson Duff, who was sharing in the lean times that had visited the Street, had a hunch that something might happen to Electric Boat. He bought fifty shares. This was before the war orders had begun to come in.

Mr. Duff traded in and out of the market for a few weeks, and finally Electric Boat began to move upward, very slowly at first. The broker "pyramided" his winnings, sticking to his one pet stock. Then, one day, the stock began to speed ahead. When it reached 500 the broker set aside a cool quarter of a million for his wife, which will give them a tidy income for the rest of their lives, and kept on going right up with the stock till it touched 600, where he figures that he is worth well over half a million dollars.

Another young man was lucky enough to be private secretary to a member of the syndicate that bought the Electric Boat Company and turned it over to the Submarine Corporation. He was not overwhelmed with money of his own, but he went to some friends and told them what he knew of the proposed deal, and suggested a small partnership. To-day the private secretary is still at his old job; but, with fifty thousand dollars laid away, and another fifty thousand profits on paper still in the maelstrom of the market, he no longer trembles as the boss passes by.

Two big winners in the skyrocket rise of Bethlehem Steel stock were not exactly "shoestring" investors, and yet fortunes were practically showered on them from above.

He Had a Fortune Thrust Upon Him

ONE of these was Samuel Untermyer, the great corporation lawyer. He was one of the counsel in the case when Bethlehem Steel was organized to take over the old United States Shipbuilding Company. He saw reason to believe in the value of the stock, and is said to have invested in (bought outright) 15,000 shares, costing him about $25 a share. He has made several million dollars in the present market.

But another lawyer fell into a fortune against his will. A few years before he had done some work for a man who was not able to pay the counsel fee in real money. The best he could do was to turn over, at a value of little more than $20 a share, a quantity of Bethlehem Steel stock. The lawyer, figuring that he wouldn't do any better, reluctantly took the stock as part-payment. The other day this stock was quoted at 445, and was still going up, and the attorney woke up to the fact that the despised stock had made for him more than a million dollars while it lay in his desk.

Of course, all the money has not been made by the "shoestring" element. About the biggest killing has come, and properly enough, to Charles M. Schwab, who may be said to be the foundation of the present extraordinary market, since it was his comings and goings to and from Europe, and his ceaseless energy in getting war orders, that started the business. There is no means of knowing the extent of the enormous fortune that Mr. Schwab has gathered from the market. It would not be surprising if the close of the war found him among the very richest men in the country. And this is the man whose services the Steel Trust carelessly dispensed with only a few years ago. At the close of September Mr. Schwab owned 38,541 shares of Bethlehem preferred, worth at that date about $5,000,000. But the amount of common stock held for him must be tremendous, and his total fortune beyond imagination.

Similarly, such experienced operators as William E. Corey, E. C. Converse, and Allan Ryan have cleaned up big fortunes in the present market; and Isaac L. Rice, who was president of the Electric Boat Company, quit it midway in its rise with several millions profit. But the stories of their successes do not seize the imagination nearly so strongly as a real "shoestring" incident like this.

An artist who had been employed in a New York advertising agency asked for an advance in salary,



This is said to be the only picture of the New York Stock Exchange made during business hours. On the blackboard, above, the quotations are posted; below, the floor is littered with paper which the members tear up in their nervousness.

and, failing to realize on this ambition, threw up his job. He had saved a little money, and, being endowed with a predilection for taking chances, decided to go into the market, in which the war stocks were just then beginning their big upward swerve. Not being familiar with the Street, he had recourse to his own judgment, which ninety times out of a hundred, in a sane condition of the stock market, would have been his ruin. But what impelled him was the simple printed statement that the American Locomotive Company was going to get a contract for war material of $75,000,000.

Now, the peculiar thing about the present war-stock rush has been that most rumors have been true, most tips have been good, and the silly sheep have for once in their lives made money, when the cautious operators, satisfied with small profits, have guessed wrong and lost money.

The young artist bought American Locomotive at 51, sold at 67, and with his winnings plunged wildly into the curb stocks that were going up. He says he had just $1800 when he started, and he figures that if he should quit now he would be able to bank nearly $85,000. At the time of writing he had been just four weeks in the market.

An elevator "boy"—he is really a middle-aged man—who ordinarily leads an up-and-down life in an office building on Nassau Street overheard two well known financiers speaking of a war order for $50,000,000 that was being quietly negotiated. He scraped together every cent he could muster, found that he had enough for a margin on 1000 shares, and plunged. News of the consummation of the war order got out on the Street, and the stock began to rise rapidly. When it had made a gain of seventy-five points, the "boy" sold out, and at once plunged with his whole winnings into two other stocks that were jumping. At the present time the original thousand dollars has grown to at least $100,000, and the elevator has faded into the dim background of the past. The new magnate has waded deep into the mysteries of the Street, and declares that he will be worth a million or will quit dead broke. Judging by past performances, the latter contingency is the one the speculator has to fear.

A $500,000 Baby

ABOUT the time Bethlehem Steel was selling at 18, which was before Mr. Schwab had shown his managing skill, a thoughtful father of a two-months-old infant bought 1000 shares of the stock and presented it to the baby. The baby would have preferred a rattle, and there was no means of knowing, at the time, that a rattle wouldn't have turned out to be about as substantial a gift. But the father, who took occasional chances in the Street himself, believed in Schwab. At the present price of Bethlehem Steel the thousand-share bundle makes the baby worth about $500,000.

A young doctor who has an elite practice in the best residential section of Manhattan Island received a tip from a broker client who was grateful beyond the mere practitioner's fee. Acting on the tip, the physician put all his spare money into Crucible Steel, Electric Boat, and Westinghouse. These three stocks began to climb, and the physician's fortune grew at such a rate that he let his regular work go by the board and glued his eyes to the ticker. And now, it is said, though the man is worth considerably more than a million dollars, he is so far from quitting the game that he is being watched by friends who suspect that his enormous winnings have unbalanced his mind.

Then, there is the old lady in the Middle West who has been a small long-distance client of a certain Stock Exchange house for years. Perhaps, in all the years of her petty speculation, she has dreamed of this one big year when she would "clean up" overnight. Well, she has wished a huge fortune on herself. As the stocks in which she was concerned have risen higher and higher, her orders have been bigger and bigger and more peremptory. One day she telegraphed an order to buy 300 shares of Bethlehem Steel at 170. The brokers, thinking the profits might have gone to her head and that she was coming too strong, wired back a friendly warning, and intimated that they would hold the order for a sober second thought. Back came a tart message: "I did not ask for advice. I want an order executed." She got the 300 shares at 170, and on the afternoon of the following day she had made $9500 on the stock.

They Won't Stop

OF course, in a great many of the present cases, the fortunes made are on paper. They would be real fortunes if the winners could make up their minds to close out, wrap their killings in a bundle, and take the first train out of the Stock Exchange atmosphere. But that is just what they will not do. It will be the story of the 1901 madness all over again. At that time Northern Pacific was hoisted to $1000 a share, and two or three million shares of stocks were being churned over in the market every twenty-four hours. And then—the bubble burst. Then the newly made fortunes disappeared like mist, and the whole mob of office-boys and manicure girls and lucky waiters and poor deluded rural plungers who had mortgaged their goods to make their everlasting fortunes overnight, came back to earth.

One case is enough to cover the whole situation. In 1900 there was a young fellow getting $12 a week for marking up quotations on a board in a broker's office. He bought Reading Railroad at $15 a share, and "pyramided" his winnings as the stock advanced. At the beginning of May, 1901, he was "long" 6000 shares of Reading, and it was then $45 a share, and still giving no signs of weakness. With a pencil you can figure what he was worth at that moment. There seemed to be nothing that could keep him from becoming a millionaire. On May 9 the market was shot to pieces. The insiders, who were fighting like hyenas over their prey, suddenly came to terms like gentlemen, and this prospective magnate was cleaned out in half an hour. In the latter part of that summer he was arrested as a hobo while sleeping in an uptown park.

This is one side of the story only. The other side Mr. Tabor will present in a later article, entitled "Men Who Couldn't Stand Prosperity."—Editor.

Billy Fortune and the Besetting Sin

By WILLIAM R. LEIGHTON

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

YOU can set down and study on it and sort of figure out the difference between goodness and badness; but you can't tell, to save your life, what makes the difference between a good man and a bad one. No, you can't! It gets too complicated. Yes, I know there's folks that'll give you a mess of easy little rules for it; but the trouble with the rules is that they won't work. There ain't any rules for the kind of goodness that makes a good man.

I'm thinkin' about Sid Foster and a couple of others. When Sid was around, a body didn't seem to need to bother about the rules. Sid was plumb good. He must have been born that way, or else he'd learned it awful young. He'd been a good boy when he come to the Lusk country, and he'd been gettin' better and better for as much as ten years. If you've ever tried it, you know mighty well that ten years is a terrible long time for a man to stay respectable and nice; but Sid had worked it. He'd never done a single thing you could put your finger on that wasn't perfectly proper. You didn't have to stretch things a bit when you called him good.

He'd been good at gettin' ahead, too. When he'd come to the range country he hadn't been nothin' but a green gawk of a hand, workin' for old Clay Burke. His pay wasn't hardly enough to be noticed; but every time he'd draw it down he'd pinch off just the least little bite he just had to have for clothes, and then he'd take the rest and buy a few head of ewe sheep and turn 'em with one of old Clay's bunches. He didn't ever do another blessed thing with his money but that. You know how ewe sheep will sort of accumulate on you if you're lucky. It wasn't but a little while till Sid had a band of his own; and then he quit old Clay and went to work with 'em. After that they just piled up. By the time he was twenty-five or so he had 'em scattered all over. They said he'd done it fair too, without anybody beatin' him. It comes sort of natural to some people.

He was gettin' ahead steady, and he was holdin' himself steady. Steady—that's the very word for him. It was in the way he acted, and it was in his looks. He was real well built, and he had one of these steady chins and a couple of steady eyes, and a steady way of goin' after what he wanted. After a while, when he took to ridin' over pretty steady on Sundays to see old Clay's girl, you could hear the women sayin' what a real good, safe kind of a man he was, and just the one to sort of steady Molly down.

SHE wasn't needin' it, far as I could see. She suited me just the way she was. She'd have suited 'most any man. That was nothin' but the women's way of talkin' about her. You let the women see a girl like her behavin' the way they'd all like to behave if they could, and they'll say she needs totin' down. There wasn't a thing the matter with her, only she stepped high and held her head high. That was the youngness of her, and old Clay's proudness in havin' a girl that could show class. He hadn't been aimin' to tone her down; he'd been keepin' her keyed up and givin' her all the chance there was in the world for showin' what there was in her. He'd had a lot of class himself in his time, and he relished it a lump in other folks. The women would say that he'd been takin' long chances with the girl since he'd had all her bringin' up to look after—her mother had been dead for years and years; but they couldn't make him take any stock in that.

"A blooded girl," he'd say, "is just like any other kind of a blooded critter. Their spirit has got to be nourished if they're goin' to turn out a credit to you."

There wasn't anybody that seemed able to find out what Clay thought about the Sid Foster proposition. He wasn't sayin'. I tried it myself once, but I didn't get very far. That was one time when I happened to be with old Clay, and Sid and Molly happened to be goin' by on horseback.

"Them two make a plumb nice-lookin' couple, don't they?" I says. "I should think it must content a man fine to know his daughter was liable to do as well as that."

Old Clay took a solemn, comical sort of a sideways squint at me, and then he give a slow chuckle. You always had to make two or three remarks to him, if it was anything important, before he'd start to answer the first one.

"He's a perfectly nice man, Sid is," I says.

Clay stuffed the ashes down in his pipe with the end of his finger and felt for a match to get a new light.

"He's always had a good reputation," I says.

"Yes," says Clay; "they're a nice-lookin' couple."

"And Sid must be pretty well fixed by now," I says. "That ought to help some. And he's steady, too." I wasn't sayin' it to help Sid along; I was just tryin'.

Old Clay grunted.

"There's one thing that mebbe you've noticed about lightning," he says. "It mostly picks out its own place to strike."

That's as much as he ever would say. Nor it didn't look as if he was ever goin' to do a thing but just stand back and keep out of the way and give Sid a fair show.

Sid wasn't the only one, though—not by several. That girl could have had her pick any time out of a right fair bunch. Just the same, it was Sid that looked like the best bet till Paul Strang come along.

PAUL set the women to talkin' some more. It wasn't about his steadiness, either. You could have hunted all the way through a great big dictionary without findin' a word that fitted him worse than that one. I don't know what you could have called him. He was big, and dark, and rollicky, and as full of the Old Nick as he could hold. He'd go anywhere with you, and do anything. No, it was worse than that. Most of the time he'd be leadin' the way. He acted just like a man that couldn't ever get weary of seein' and feelin' and tastin' anything there was in the livin' world. The funny thing about it was that you couldn't say he was goin' over the limits, because there didn't seem to be any limits when he was around.

I don't know what he was there for. Maybe he didn't, either. Most likely it just happened that way. He wasn't huntin' a job, because he seemed to have a plenty. I guess he was just siftin' round without aimin' to be anywhere in particular. But there he was.

The first I knew about him was one night at Lusk when he got mixed up with some of us at draw. That's what made me first take to likin' him. That he could take a hand and clear forget what he was holdin', and then just absorb your chips away from you somehow. It takes a good man to do that. I was likin' him by the time he'd done it to me once or twice, and after that I couldn't quit likin' him. It wasn't his goodness I was so fond of, either. I expect it would have bothered a person to locate his goodness—the sort of goodness Sid Foster had. Nor you wouldn't have wanted to call him a wicked man, either. That's what makes it so interestin'. That's the very thing I'm aimin' to tell you. Sid Foster was keepin' every blessed one of the rules for goodness, far as we knew, and Paul wasn't seemin' to pay a speck of attention to any of 'em. That sounds as if it would be an awful easy to pick out which was the good man, don't it? All right; but you just wait till I tell you.

Paul hadn't been in Lusk a week till he knew just where all the nice girls were for thirty miles round. That was another thing that made me strong for him. There ain't anything that shows better judgment in a man. And, of course, he found out about Molly Burke.

I was over at Burke's place one Sunday mornin', headin' out towards the Platte to help his men with some horses. I got there in the cool of the day, before things had taken a fair start; but I wasn't there

soon enough to beat Sid Foster. The folks had had their breakfast, and there was Sid settin' on the front porch in the shade with old Clay. He wasn't payin' much attention to Clay though, only just enough to be polite. He had his eye out for the girl, takin' an uneasy look back in the house every little bit. She was in there, all right, I could hear her goin' round and fussin' with things and humman' a little song; but she hadn't come to the door yet, nor she didn't appear to be in any rush about it.

By and by Sid got up and stood fidgetin' on his feet.

"I'll find Miss Molly inside?" he says.

Old Clay didn't answer him. He was squintin' at a cloud of dust down the trail.

"Who's that a-comin'?" he says. "Rides like somebody I don't know."

Well, it was Paul. When he got to the gate he tied his pony and come on in, layin' up the path with that easy way he had. He wasn't rigged up like Sid was, with snug ridin' breeches and silk shirt and new fifteen-dollar boots. He'd been two whiz. He was wearin' gray overalls, with a gray handkerchief saggin' round his throat. It don't sound like much, but the woman don't live that could have let her attention go slack right then, with him comin' towards the house, unless she was stone blind.

Old Clay was squintin' at him, and he begun to give a slow grin while he was shakin' hands; he didn't say anything.

"I've heard a lot about you," says Paul, "and I don't like to miss any chances for meeting the men who count, wherever I happen to be."

CLAY was lookin' him over, takin' his time to it. That way he had would mostly make a stranger nervous; but Paul only laughed.

"I wanted to have a look at this part of the valley too," he says.

"Burke is right," says Clay. "Henry Clay Burke. But I've dropped the Henry."

Paul's eyes was gettin' wishful, but he give another little laugh, and then stood waitin' for old Clay to catch up with him.

"Strang?" says Clay. "Yes; you're the man they tell me can play 'em. And this is a friendly call. Well, you're welcome, Mr. Foster, here, is makin' a friendly call too. Meet Mr. Foster. It does beat all how popular I'm gettin' to be."

I hadn't been noticin' Sid; but I had to then. He didn't appear to be pleased. He was settin' right still in his chair, without offerin' to get up, just starin' at Paul with his mouth open, and not seemin' to notice that Paul was holdin' out his hand. In a minute he made a hard try for it, and struggled up on his feet, with his face gettin' fire-red. It looked like a jealous man always seems comical, don't he? Wouldn't that have been the way it would have struck you? It seemed to strike Paul, because he give a short little laugh. He didn't wait, though, for Sid to get hold of himself; nor he didn't wait any longer on old Clay, He just went straight over to Molly, smilin' down at her.

"Of course you can't be anybody but Miss Burke," he says to her.

"I was gettin' to that," says Clay. "Molly, meet Mr. Strang. My daughter."

It was too late then. They'd met already. Neither one of 'em heard him. Old Clay grinned at me and Sid, and then he tipped his chair back against the wall and started smokin', and I went down to lead to Paul's horse for him.

By the time I got back Paul had sure made headway. He was right in the middle of tellin' 'em a funny tale, all on fire with it himself. Old Clay was settin' there, waggin' his whiskers and holdin' his eyes tight shut with the fun of it. Molly didn't have her eyes shut, though; they were wide open and shinin'. Sid was the only one that wasn't enjoyin' himself. Sid couldn't tell a comical tale without makin' a person feel sad. Nor he wasn't appreciatin' Paul's. He was just settin' back in his corner, holdin' himself up stiff and straight and lookin' grim. It didn't appear to matter, because nobody was noticin' him then, except me. He didn't say as much as a word for quite a spell; and then when he did talk he said the wrong thing.

"Miss Molly," he says, "I'd like to walk down to the cottonwoods. Would you care to go with me?"

Molly smiled at him, but she shook her head. "It's too hot," says she; "it's so much pleasanter here."

Even then I didn't get what I was fishin' for. Old Clay commenced to knock his pipe against the fence-post and blow through the stem a few times.

"Yes, Billy," he says. "If everybody in the world was all just alike, it would be horrible humdrum."

IF it was variety we was wantin', it began to look pretty soon as if we'd have a plenty of it. You couldn't have been prepared for the thing that come next, I sure wasn't."

It was gettin' along past the middle of the afternoon, and I'd gone down to the bunch of cottonwoods beside the creek to loaf a while with myself on the soft grass in the shade. I'd had a couple of cigarettes, and I guess I must have been startin' to snooze, because I never heard Sid and Paul comin' till they got just a little ways from me and stopped. What waked me up was the sound of Sid's voice. It wasn't much like his voice,



"'What are you here for? You're the only man on earth that can harm me here, and you know it!'"

MOLLY had real good eyesight. Back in the house she'd stopped her singin', and then she'd come and stood in the door. It looked Sid. He thought he was the one. She wasn't overlookin' him. That wasn't her way. She smiled at him, and said somethin' to him, and let him shake hands with her; but her pretty eyes were watchin' Paul. What's more, Paul was lookin' at her. You know how it happens sometimes that your eyes will get acquainted with a person before anybody says a word. That's the way it seemed to be with them two. He hadn't got to the foot of the steps till Molly was blushin' with pleasure, as if she'd just met up with a good old friend.

Paul's hat come off. He'd nodded me, and he give me a nod and a couple of words before he picked out old Clay.

"Mr. Burke?" he says. "My name's Strang, and this is a friendly call."

Paul stayed to dinner, and then he located Molly's piano in the parlor. That raised certainly could sing. He was at it for an hour with his boomin' bass voice, and sometimes he'd make Molly join in with him. Her singin' sounded like the way a meadow-lark's does the first thing in the spring, before he's begun to feel responsible. Singing was another thing Sid couldn't do. Stayin' steady at the sheep business kind of cramps a man. The only thing he could do was to sit back with his lips tight and his eyes scowlin'.

BY and by old Clay got up and went stragglin' outdoors, with me trailin' him. Down by the horse-lot, he leaned his arms on the top of the fence and stood smokin' and squintin' off across the hills. I could see he was real amused, and I figured that for once maybe he'd start the talk himself. But he didn't; I had to do that same as usual.

"He's an awful nice man, ain't he?" I says; and then, in a minute, when he didn't let on as if he'd heard me: "I reckon it's natural for a healthy girl to sort of like variety in men-folks," I says.

He didn't give a sign of hearin'.

"Liveliness like his and steadiness like Sid's are a long ways apart, ain't they?" either; it wasn't a bit steady—it was shrill and hard and excited. I wasn't sure it was his till I'd took a little peek through the grass. There couldn't be any mistake about his bein' excited. He was white and shakin', with his eyes blazin' hot.

"For God's sake!" he says. "What are you goin' to do?"

There wasn't any excitement about Paul. His voice was away down deep, with a kind of a lazy drone in it.

"Do?" he says. "I? I don't understand you."

"Yes, you do!" says Sid. "What are you here for? You're the only man on earth that can harm me here, and you know it! Is that what you're up to?"

Paul looked at him a minute before he answered.

"Oh!" he says, velvet-soft. "I'm the only man on earth who knows? You must be thinking of the little affair with the Albright girl. Is that it?"

"You know that's it!" says Sid. He was gettin' shriller and shriller. "I had your word that no one should ever know."

Paul give a deep, quiet kind of a laugh, but it didn't sound as if he was enjoyin' the fun of it.

"Oh!" he says again. "I fancied you would have forgotten that. That was all



"He wasn't what you'd call pretty, all streaked and marked and tied up; but she seemed to find somethin' worth lookin' at."

settled, wasn't it, when you provided for her? I believe she thought so. I've looked after her a bit occasionally, when it was convenient. I saw her in Chicago a few weeks ago. She appeared to be quite comfortable. Your name wasn't mentioned; I thought that was all past."

"Past!" says Sid. He was pretty near screamin'. "How can a thing like that ever be past?"

He stepped up close to Paul and caught hold of his arm.

"Listen!" he says. "I told you the absolute truth when it happened. That's the only thing I've done in my life that I've been ashamed of. I told you that then."

"Yes," Paul says, perfectly quiet. "You told me. I remember admiring your high standards. That didn't keep me from being a little severe with you, on the girl's account. One must look after his friends, even if his own standards are not of the highest."

Sid's face was the color of a big piece of chalk, and his lips were twistin' so he couldn't talk.

"She'll keep her bargain with you," Paul says. "She's rather light-minded, you know—one of the sort that likes to forget unpleasant things. Women of her type can do it rather easily. I think we may say she's forgotten."

Sid gave Paul's arm a shake.

"It's you!" he says. "I'm not afraid of the girl. It's you!"

Somehow, Paul could say a lot of things by laughin'. It didn't sound so pleasant to me that time. He pulled his arm away from Sid's hold and stepped back.

"Go on," he says. "What's your idea?"

"I wasn't expecting ever to see you again," says Sid. "And now, having you turn up this way— You can find out what my reputation is here. It's clean, I tell you. I want to keep it that way, if these people knew—"

Paul stopped him short.

"That's enough! I don't want to hear any more of that. I know what you're driving at. Now let me tell you something. My reputation isn't so stainless as yours. I've left a plain trail by the careless things I've done. Your one poor little sin, that frightens you so, seems to me just shabby and contemptible. That's because of the way you take it. You didn't take it like a man then. It was your own immaculate soul you were concerned about, and not what would happen to the girl. That's true now. You haven't asked after the girl at all. I despised you for that then. It struck me that your sin was a lot more decent than your atonement—just bargaining for silence, so your reputation wouldn't be hurt. I'd despise myself if my strongest passion was the fear of being found out. If you want to know it, I'd rather live with my reputation than with yours."

He stopped himself with that, as if he'd been sayin' more than he meant to.

"That doesn't matter! What you're afraid of now is that I may tell on you. I shan't. My own besetting sin won't let me. I'm a great liar. I've always been ready to go to any length in lying anybody out of scrapes, and I've never in my life said anything to get anybody into one. It's a passion with me. My record's black with the lies I've told, trying to save folks from what they've done. I don't stop at any sort of lie, when I'm in the notion. I've never tried it for a man like you. I shouldn't like it; but I'd sooner do that than the thing you're afraid of."

I guess Sid hadn't heard all of it. It seemed as if his mind had caught just one thing that Paul was sayin'—the thing he was thinkin' most about himself. If he'd heard it all, he wouldn't hardly have done what he did. He wouldn't hardly have put out his hand for a shake, would he?

"I have your word, then?" he says.

Paul didn't answer that. "I've said enough," he says; and he stuck his hands down in his pockets and turned round and walked away.

IT got plumb interestin' after that. It would have been interestin' even if I hadn't heard about Sid. There was one thing that Paul hadn't give his word for. He hadn't promised he'd go away and keep out of Sid's road and let Molly alone. Nor he didn't do it. He stayed right there. It got so pretty soon that he was at Burke's place a heap oftener than Sid. Sometimes he'd show up in the middle of the week with a bunch of music for a sing; or else he'd go ridin' with her for the whole of an afternoon, off through the hills; or else mebbe he'd just be hangin' round. He sure wasn't losin' any time.

Everybody in the country knew about it. Then was when the real talkin' started. Pretty near wherever you happened to be in the country, you could hear 'em talkin' and wonderin' and guessin', all nervous and worked up.

Molly and old Clay seemed to be the only ones of 'em all that wasn't excited. You could tell, though, that the girl was certainly enjoyin' herself fine. She wasn't playin' any favorite between 'em. Far as anybody could see, she was just relishin' both of 'em and kind of bidin' her time. Do you understand how a woman can do that? A man can't, can he? A man's mind is built for just one at a time. Mebbe he'll change real often; but he ain't able to keep two goin' at once without gettin' confused.

WE had to wait as much as a month or so for the beginnin' of the showdown. It was another Sunday when it commenced. Paul and Sid was both there, same as usual; and then, in the middle of the mornin', Clay told me to put a team to the mountain wagon, and we'd all take our dinner with us and eat it in Muskrat Cañon.

Wouldn't you have thought Molly would be bound to have trouble with the two of 'em like that? Well, she didn't. She'd go gatherin' flowers with Paul for a while; and then she'd let Sid take her down the cañon a little ways, to about at a mark; and then after that she'd be admirin' a moss agate Paul had found for her, or listenin' to Sid tellin' her about the old minin' town that used to be there—first one and then the other, without either one of 'em seemin' to get ahead any. It was amusin' to me till it got tedious. By noon I wasn't watchin' 'em any more. And then, after we'd had our dinner, and Paul took her with him scrambling up the high rocks for a look at the view, I went off by myself over to the old shaft they'd put down when they'd been huntin' for copper.

They'd never found anything but little streaks and pockets, but they'd made a plumb deep hole. I set on the edge of it for a while, lettin' my feet dangle over, droppin' little stones down and listenin' to 'em go bounsin' to the bottom.

"Billy," I says to myself, "don't you wish you had the money they've blew in here? They must have spent a sight." I threw in another stone and set listenin'. "Mebbe they just missed it," says I. "Mebbe there's somethin' down there. Mebbe you and me might have blind luck enough to locate it." So that's how it come that pretty soon I swung over the edge and started down the rough old ladder that was hung to the side of the hole.

The hole was deeper than I'd figured. After I'd got part way down there wasn't but just the least little bit of dim daylight to see by. I quit then and climbed up the ladder and crawled into a hole that went sideways, where they'd tried prospectin'. It was darker yet in there. I set and smoked a cigarette till my eyes would sort of get used to it, and then I begun pickin' round with my jack-knife where the copper stain was showin'. It was nothin' but foolishness, but I didn't have anything else to do.

I guess I'd been at it half an hour or so before here come Clay and Paul and Sid down the ladder. The old man always had believed there was copper down there; he'd put some of his money in the hole, and he was explainin' it to the other two. I kept still and let 'em pass me.

They didn't stay so very long after they'd got to the bottom. Old Clay come back first, ahead of the other two. He'd got out before they'd any more than started. Sid was the next one, with Paul behind him. They didn't appear to be in any hurry, because every little bit they'd stop on the ladder and I'd hear one or the other of 'em speakin'. I couldn't get what they was sayin' till they got right in front of my hole. Then I could see Sid stop and turn his head to look down.

"You gave me your word," he says. "Is that all your word's worth? What affair is it of yours, anyway?"

Paul was talkin' pretty grim. I guess he'd said most of what he wanted to say.

"I'll not argue that with you," he says. "This is another matter now. It's very much my affair now. It's more than your safety I'm thinking about. I'm thinking about the girl. You've got to come clean with that girl before we go any further."

SID wasn't so very quick with answerin'. He hung on to the ladder a minute, just the way he was, starin' down, before he could think of what to say.

"Then you're going to tell?" he says.

"I'm going to make you tell," says Paul. "If you were a man I shouldn't have to. If you were a man, you'd do it on your own account. I've told her father everything about myself. He says it's for her to choose. But you'll not get her by hiding what you've done. I'm going to make you come clean too."

He'd crawled up close till he was grippin' the ladder by Sid's feet. I'll never tell you if Sid studied it out till he meant to do it. Mebbe it was somethin' the

just blazed up sudden in his mind. He lifted his foot and kicked Paul's hand, stampin' on it twice, puttin' all his weight on it. He was a real heavy man. It was awful sudden, and it must have hurt a heap. Paul didn't have time to do a thing but just cry out once, sharp, and then turn loose of the ladder and go tumblin' backwards down the hole.

It looked as if Sid was as much surprised as anybody. He hung there, without makin' a sound, lookin' and listenin', and then he started scramblin' up towards the top, hard as he could go, screamin' and yellin' for help.

I was down with Paul quite a while before Sid and old Clay come. It was so dark I couldn't tell a thing about how bad Paul was hurt. He'd had his senses all knocked out of him.

"He's livin', though," I says; "I can feel his heart. It's goin' to be a sweet job gettin' him out of here. It must be as much as a hundred feet or better to the top. We'll have to hitch ourselves to him with a rope and drag him up the ladder."

IT was Sid that went after the rope. I was squattin' on the ground, easin' Paul up against my knees so as to get him up out of the wet ooze, with old Clay stampin' over me.

"Billy," says Clay, "how do you reckon it happened?"

That was one time when he started a conversation by himself, and it was just when it wasn't convenient. I hadn't been studyin' any about explainin' how it happened, and it caught me up pretty short.

"I guess he must have fell," I says.

Old Clay snorted. "How did you happen to get here so quick?" he says. "Where were you?"

I wasn't goin' to tell him anything. "Oh," I says, "I was just ramblin' round. I've always been spry on my feet." I expect that wasn't so very satisfactory, it just as good as told him I knew something I was hidin'. But it was the only thing I could think of so quick. He didn't push me any more, though. He stood the way he was till Sid come back, bringin' a couple of ropes and some straps off the harness, and then we set to work.

It must have been a mercy that Paul didn't know anything about how bad we was hurtin' him, gettin' him out of there, lettin' him dangle and bump against the rocks. It took us a good while till we'd pulled him out and laid him down at the top of the shaft. He wasn't so very nice to look at, all muddy and marked up and kind of sagged together in a pile, without much shape to him. Molly was waitin', but old Clay sent her away.

"Go fix a bed in the wagon," he says to her, "while I'm gettin' the horses put in."

And then, when we'd got Paul loaded up, Clay made her set on the front seat with him. She sure wouldn't have enjoyed herself, back behind with us. Sid wasn't enjoyin' himself, either. He was scared white and sick. He couldn't hardly take his eyes off of Paul, except to give me a dazed look once in a while; and he didn't hardly speak for the whole of the way in.

WHEN we got him home, you couldn't have told a thing about him except that he wasn't dead yet. Old Clay and me got him on a bed, and washed him off the best we could. After that there wasn't a thing to do but wait till the doctor got there, along towards night. It wasn't much better then, because the doctor said he was goin' to make a die of it sure before mornin'.

He didn't, though. It don't matter what you do to a man, you can't kill him till his time comes. If Paul had got killed fallin' down that hole, it would have been awful incomplete, wouldn't it? It took him a good while—days and days—but he pulled through, with old Clay and me takin' turns sittin' with him, and with Molly hangin' round the door. Sid didn't come in at all. 'Most every day I'd see him ride up to the house, and in between whiles he'd be telephonin'; but he didn't come in where Paul was.

It took Paul as much as three weeks to get where he could talk. He was doin' pretty well at that; but he was one of the kind that's got lots of bounce in 'em. By and by, one mornin' when I was with him, he fidgeted for a while in bed, and then pretty soon he made me prop him up with a bunch of pillows. It did look terrible good to see him settle back and give a crooked kind of a grin at me. He grinned at Clay too, when he come in.

"Well," he says, "I'm all right now. I'll be better than ever in a few days."

Old Clay come up close to the edge of the bed and stood squintin' down at him.

"That's good," he says, real blunt. "Now I want you to tell me how this thing happened."

He didn't catch Paul so sudden as he'd caught me. Paul had had time to think about it, lyin' there.

"How it happened?" he says. "Why, don't you know? One of the rounds of the old ladder gave way under me. I suppose you and Foster must have weakened it."

"Oh!" says Clay. "The ladder broke! That was it. Of course! But the ladder was all right when we carried you up it."

I hated to see a good lie go to waste like that.

"It was me that fixed the ladder," I says. "I took a rock and drove the piece back on. I expect you didn't notice, you bein' so kind of excited."

"Yeh!" says Clay, real deliberate. "I expect that must have been it. I ain't much of a hand to notice things, anyway. The ladder broke. But you don't remember, do you, about steppin' on your hand her, do you, about steppin' on your hand with your own foot while you was comin' up?"

He made a quick move and caught Paul's free hand, holdin' it up where we could see. I swear I hadn't noticed it particular till right then; but there was the blue bruised mark of a boot-heel, plain as print. Paul certainly wasn't bein' good enough with it.

"I expect I must have done that," I says. "It was so dark down there, a body was pretty near bound to be clumsy."

Old Clay took a squint at me. "You're clumsy yet, Billy," he says. "Stick up your boot."

What would have been the use of that? I could see as well as he could that the mark had been cut by a brand-new boot-heel, and my heels were all run over and bulged out of shape. I kept my feet down.

"You're a couple of liars," Clay says; "it's easy enough to see that. But it's hard to tell what you're doing it for."

Paul spoke real gentle. "No; that's easy too," he says. "It's merely habit. If I'm lying to you, it's merely because I'm a liar."

Old Clay wasn't suited. "I'm goin' to get the straight of this," he says, and he went and jerked open the door. "Foster!" he calls. "Come in here!"

It wasn't Sid that come: it was Molly. Her pretty cheeks were hot with color, and she was holdin' her head up high.

"Mr. Foster isn't here," says she. "He'll not come here any more."

It made old Clay catch his breath. "Well!" says he. "I'll be—jiggered!"

HE could have made it stronger than that if he'd wanted to, without her hearin' him. She didn't hardly know he was there. She was lookin' past him, over at the bed; and the next minute she come up in with that proud step of hers, and straight over to Paul, standin' and lookin' down at him—lookin' and lookin'. There wasn't anybody sayin' a word. I didn't even have the gumption to get up and go out. It didn't matter; she didn't know I was there, either. There wasn't anybody in the room right then but just her and Paul—there wasn't anybody in the world but them two. I could see it comin'. It didn't surprise me a mite when she stooped over pretty soon and took Paul's hand, and then dropped on her knees, cuddlin' his hand against her cheek.

Paul could see it comin', too. It was in his eyes. He was fightin' hard against it and givin' up to it, both at once.

"Oh, little girl!" he says, away down under his breath. "I'm a great sinner! You know that. There's no sin that's forbidden that hasn't got the best of me, one time or another. I've sinned them all. One time or another, every sin on the list has been my besetting sin. You know!"

She lifted her head and looked at him again. He wasn't what you'd call pretty, all streaked and marked and tied up; but she seemed to find somethin' worth lookin' at.

"I know!" she says. "I do know! But there's something you've kept through it all—something no sin has touched—something fine and clean and strong. I love it!"

I reckon I'd be settin' there yet if I hadn't caught sight of old Clay, over by the door, makin' motions at me. I got up and sneaked outside with him. We didn't stop till we got down to the horse-lot. He wasn't sayin' a word.

"Well, gee whiz!" I says. "It sure does look as if besettin' sins are a good thing to have, don't it?"

He was pickin' little pieces of bark off a post, like he was givin' his whole mind to it. I had to try again.

"The man-and-woman business is sure funny, ain't it?" I says.

Even yet he wasn't noticin' me.

"If you was goin' to pick out just one besettin' sin for yourself," I says, "which one would it be? It would bother me."

He straightened up.

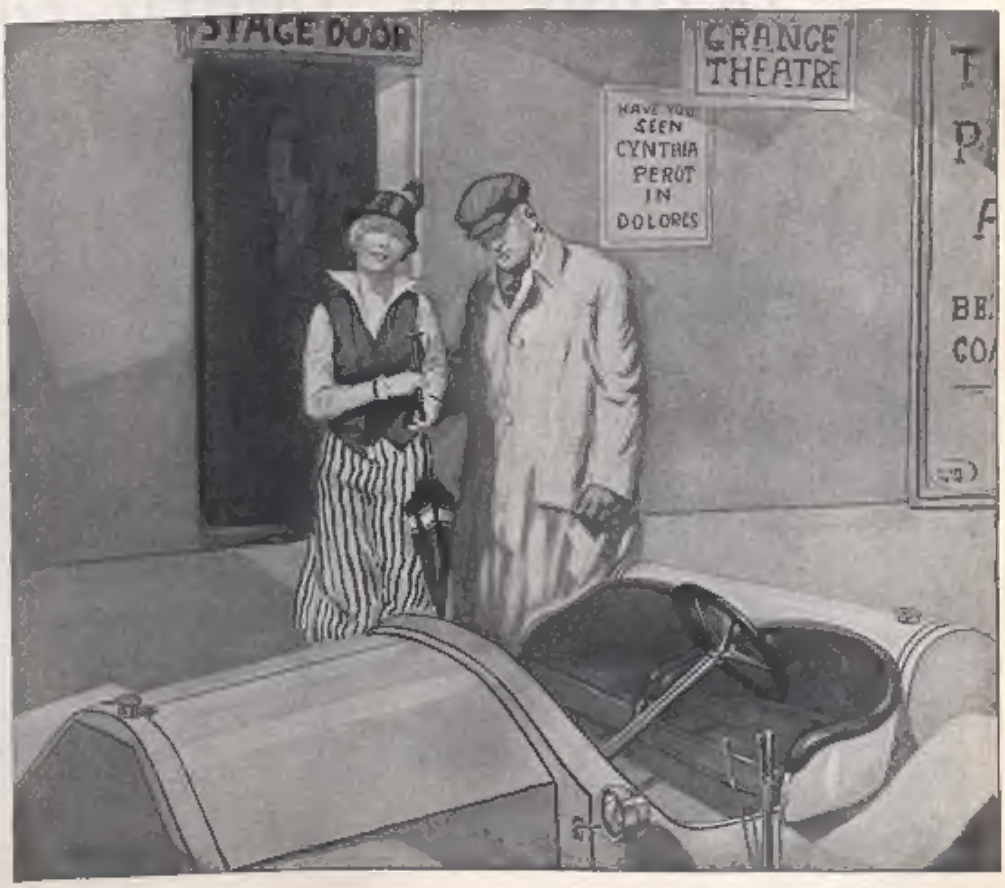
"Man, man!" he says. "If it wasn't for the sins that beset us, what would we ever have know about the grace of God?"

"The grace of God?" I says. "It's the graces of women, I'd say."

"It's all the same," says he. "It's the grace of God that's in 'em that makes 'em what they are to us."

I wouldn't ever have thought of sayin' it that way; but I wouldn't wonder if he was sort of right about it.

Hitching Your Wagon to a Star





"'Let me out! Let me out!' The cry burst from some one in a shriek."

Behind the Bolted Door?

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

"A TINY pellet of fused white metal, somewhere near, or in, the swimming-pool," Dr. Lanehan had said. Not a bullet, obviously. But, if not, what could it be?

Lanehan offered no explanation. McGloyne did not know. Willings could not. And yet, as he stood there looking straight before him, one might have said that already, at the bottom of his soul, Willings half suspected.

Meanwhile he waited in the Casa Grande till the Doctor had taken Glasbury to a temporary sanatorium at 390. In half an hour Lanehan was back again.

"Jacobs can take care of him quite well now," he said. "Judge Bishop is down there too—with D. Hope and Jimmy. I've told them, if they'll wait, we may be able to report on *this*."

And again they went up to that big, murder-haunted swimming-pool room.

Once more they had only to throw on the electrics in the great alabaster bell hanging above the pool to have light enough. But the Doctor had also brought along a pocket flash.

He closed and locked both doors, so that they would not be interrupted. On one of the dusty green flower benches lay a long-handled brush. He picked it up and handed it to Willings.

"I want you to sweep around the edge of the pool with this," he said. "But wait a minute; I think we can make our first verification from the water itself."

He stepped back to the pool, bent far over its barrier-like brim, and took up some water in his palm.

"If what I believe to be true is true," he said, "this water should be salt."

Wonderingly they stooped, each in turn dipping a finger in the water and tasting it.

It was salt.

"But mightn't it—isn't it just sea salt?" Willings asked.

"No; this is common salt," the Doctor answered. "And there's all the difference in life—or death. Well, now to our real work."

Willings followed him, and took up his brush again.

THE Doctor explained roughly.

According to McGloyne, no matter what might have been done in Fisher's own rooms, no cleaning work of any sort had been done about the pool since the hour of the crime. Therefore, whatever had been on the floor then, if not so small that it could be carried out on some one's shoes, should be there still.

"It may be only the minutest globule," he said, "like a droplet from a plumber's iron. But we must try to find it. Go over every inch of the floor; my own work will be higher up."

"How do you mean?" Willings asked him.

"I'm going to look first for some place where a file, a very small file, has been in use."

And, crossing to the other side of the room, he began to examine the walls minutely. It was evident that he was working according to some definite plan. Starting at the wall, his eyes moved rapidly to the ceiling, then along it to that great, whitely radiant, moonlike ball. But there he looked again at Willings, and the younger man took up his brush and turned away to his own work. He saw only that Lanehan had mounted the flower stand. And the next moment there came from him a triumphant cry.

"I've found it!" he cried. "Oh, no, never mind about the details now. I'll just go to work again with you, and maybe we'll get everything!"

There was no second brush. But, dropping almost face down, Lanehan stretched his flash in front of him upon the tiles, and began to sweep them lovelly with its little searching beam.

"It's an even chance that it's in the water. But, at least, we must make sure outside first. Up there near the faucets and the nickel work—"

He got no further. A second time his search was ended before it really had begun. To the right of the faucets was a small marble step. In the little corner between it and the side of the pool, some dust and fluff had gathered; and there, in the midst, was something that glittered faintly.

The Doctor picked it up. It looked exactly as he had said it might look. One would have said it was some little solder globule left by plumbing work. But, handing it to Willings, "What do you notice first?" he asked.

"Why, its weight! The thing's heavier than gold."

"Yes; it's platinum."

"Platinum! Platinum?" And then, into the face of Willings came a fixed look never brought to it by any mere droplet of heavy metal. "Doctor," he said, "I want to tell you something."

"Yes?" At his tone Lanehan quickly turned.

"It's the evidence—the Zaneray stuff—that I've been holding out. I believed implicitly till this minute that it couldn't matter, and my only idea was to protect the innocent. But I've got to tell you now."

And he did. . . .

"Willings!"

"It's true, none the less."

"Well—well, at least you know now how important it was, and now you've got to help me to have one more talk with the others."

In another five minutes they were on their way back to Seventy-second Street.

The Judge, Daphne Hope, and Jimmy were still waiting for them. Lanehan went to his point directly:

"Willings has just been telling me something, and something to the last degree important. No, I won't say what it was; but it was his 'Zaneray evidence,' the thing he felt justified in holding back at the beginning. And all three of you have confessed to doing the same thing; you have your hold-backs, too. Now, once again, to prevent the martyring of those who may be innocent, I ask you to speak before it is too late. In a few hours Glasbury may confess; but until he does—"

A LOOK that seemed to ache in the eyes of D. Hope turned Dr. Lanehan's attention first to her.

"You told us you were keeping silent because of a promise given Mrs. Fisher. If in these last hours you feel, for any reason, that morally you are now released from it—"

"Oh, I do! I do!" she cried. "But, Doctor, may I—just for the present—can't you let me tell it just to you?"

"By all means. It would be better so." And he drew her with him into his office.

Minute after minute passed; they could hear her sobbing. Then for a long time the Doctor seemed to be asking questions. And when he opened the door

Continued on page 16

They Could Buy the Theaters They Used to Play In



LILIAN ALBERTSON is a modern woman, and so of course she couldn't give up her career when she married Abraham Levy, a Wall Street broker. They merely went to a justice of the peace, and then Mrs. Levy, née Albertson, hurried back to play her part in the matinée of "Paid in Full."



ELSIE FERGUSON doesn't really belong on this page when we send it to press, but she may before it comes out. Last summer it was announced that she is going to marry Thomas B. Clarke, Jr.—which means that she won't have to work for a living; but the stage means more than a bread-ticket to her, and she's coming to New York this winter in a new play by Hall Caine.



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ELEANOR ROBSON didn't have to stoop to conquer in real life, however well she may have done it on the stage. When she married August Belmont in 1910 she did not by any means lose her interest in her old profession. "Labor problems in America are serious," she wrote, "but hardly more so than the problem of how ninety million spend their leisure."



WILLIAM E. COREY'S marriage to Mabel Gilman is said to have cost him four million dollars, chiefly consisting of a three-million-dollar settlement to his previous wife. As a housekeeper, Mrs. Corey is said to be a severe disciplinarian, possibly owing to her training in the choruses of "The Mocking-Bird" and "The Casino Girl."



THIS lady, Miss Eleanor Mayo, skipped off the stage after only three months of it. She was one of those astonishing young persons who suddenly appear on the horizon with a finished voice and the trained technique of an actress. But she was too astonishing to be left long on any stage, and, after a successful season in "The Princess Bonnie," she married James Elverson, Jr., of Philadelphia.

"THE prettiest ingénue on the stage" ought to make a good match, and that's what Broadway used to call Gladys Wallis before she married Samuel Insull. She made her début when she was only fourteen years old, playing Juliet in the Union Square Theater. Later on she played in "The Lady Slavey," and then, her last piece, "The Head of the Family."

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"FOLLOW me," sang Edna May, dressed as a Salvation Army lassie, in "The Belle of New York"—and follow her did Mr. Oscar Lewisohn—and has been doing it ever since. "A simple, wholesome outdoor life," is the way Mrs. Lewisohn describes her present existence.

WHEN Edith Kingdon left an amateur dramatic company in Brooklyn to join Daly's, the amateurs gave her a farewell supper, and Robert Hilliard said in a toast to her: "I hope that you won't fall in love with some poor devil of an actor and spoil your future by marrying him." Miss Kingdon arose and answered: "Mr. Hilliard, ladies and gentlemen, I won't." She kept her promise, and is now Mrs. George Gould.



Kings and Q



LADIES and gentlemen, allow us to introduce the kings and queens of America. First in the royal family comes E. C. Hampton of Hollywood, California, cucumber king. Why is he the cucumber king? Because last year he sold $60,000 worth of the "long green." He started with a twenty-foot hothouse, and to-day uses 36,000 square feet of glass-covered ground.



AND here is Ty Cobb, the baseball king. Ty leads the batting list year after year, and is the most talked about player in the world. What is he doing here behind the wire netting? He is taking the bread out of our wives' and children's mouths by writing up the world's series. Everybody is writing, these days: it's a wonder we writers and editors manage to live at all.



THE first day there were five guinea-pigs. The second there were twenty-five. Ever read "Figs Is Pigs"? When Miss Abbie Lathrop read it she said, "There's money, if you could sell the cute things." She could. Now she supplies hospitals all over the country with guinea-pigs for experimental purposes. She also raises mice for the same purpose. Let's call her the mouse queen. Why be afraid of mice and things when they bring you fifteen dollars a day?

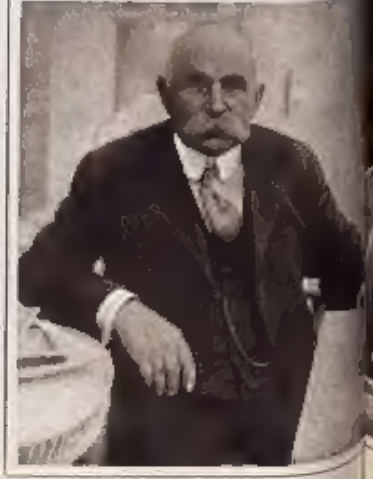
NEXT in the royal line comes Grandpa Morecraft of Roseville, Illinois, skunk king. Three thousand skunks gambol about his royal palace, each one worth $100 as a mouser or a fur-bearer. The picture shows Grandpa with $100 worth of skunk on his shoulder: and Grandpa will wear this same skin to-morrow, too, which proves what a little love and kindness will do even with a skunk.





WHEN President Wilson turns smilingly to Mrs. Galt and says, "My dear, which do you prefer, white meat or dark?" and she answers, "A little of both, thank you, Woodrow," the meat to which they refer will be furnished by this bird. The royal gentleman supporting the bird is James Lord, turkey king of America, who has supplied every President since McKinley.

THIS benevolent-looking king has put several thousand barrels of red paint on dolls' faces and toy rocking-horses to be licked off by the babies of America. He is Morton E. Converse of Winchendon, Massachusetts, the toy king. Since the war put the German toy factories out of business, Winchendon works night and day. Personally, Mr. Converse thinks that Sherman was a little severe in what he said about war.



eens of America



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NOW is the royal processing, says Queen Mary. She buys five thousand lobsters every day, and re-sells them to the lobster palaces on Broadway. Mrs. Mary Pickett is her full name. Her company pays 40 per cent. dividends on a capitalization of $30,000, and Queen Mary owns ninety-six per cent. of the stock. Another Queen Mary broiled her subjects at the stake: Mrs. Pickett prefers hot water.



HERE is our idea of a nice life-work. Climb into an automobile, ride for five hours around a track, get off at the same place you started, and have somebody hand you $20,000 for the five hours' drive. That is what happens every once in a while to Dario Resta, the speed king. He won the Vanderbilt, the Grand Prix and the Chicago Speedway races this year.



LAST year Father George Schoener, by means of cross-pollenization, produced 120,000 roses, no two of which were exactly alike. If you want to join this royal family and be Queen of the May write to Rose King Schoener and he will send you a rose to stick in your hair.

C. T. TROMBLER of Penn Forest, Pennsylvania, is the trout king. Ten tons of speckled beauties go from his preserve every year to tickle the palates of the Vanderbilts and Astors. He raises his fish from eggs. Has as many chickens, and sells them for one dollar a pound. Ten tons at a dollar a pound—yes, King Trombler does very nicely, thank you.





IF some one gave you 16,000 pounds of milk on a bright summer morning what would you do with it? Linda C. Dix would make 1800 pounds of Wisconsin cheese out of it. She does every morning. Of the 143 cheese factories in Wisconsin, 142 are run by men. The other one made $41,000 for Miss Dix in 1914. There are several queens in Europe who would gladly change places with Miss Dix.



"LET me make the tin wash-boilers of a nation," says Tin-Plate King Daniel G. Reid, "and I care not who makes its laws." He used to be a bank clerk in Indiana. Then he began digging tin mines and putting up tin-plate mills. To-day he lives on Fifth Avenue, and can sleep in a different bedroom every night.

Women Who Worry



IF since the war you hear of a group of Three-Holders Union, with the King of Belgium as president and the rulers of England and France and Austria and Germany all on the board of directors, you may rest assured that Rose Schneiderman of the L. C. W. U. is on the job. Miss Schneiderman can unionize anything. She started to worry about organization when she was a fourteen-year-old cap-maker in knee dresses, and since then has taken part in the strikes of women in almost every trade.





PATERSON New Jersey is one of the towns that has taken the trouble to pass a special ordinance prohibiting Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, of the I. W. W. from making speeches on the street corners. The trouble with Miss Flynn is that she is only twenty-five, pretty and Irish, and when she urges the workers of New York or the silk workers of Paterson to snap their fingers at Capital, they do so at once. Although Miss Flynn has been arrested repeatedly she somehow never does time.



ANITA BLOCK has all the regular worries of a good party Socialist plus a few more because she is a journalist. She runs the only newspaper woman's page in the country that has never printed a cooking recipe or a fashion pattern. She published Margaret Sanger's "What Every Girl Should Know" on her page in serial form, with the result that her newspaper was temporarily barred from the mails; but it's not that sort of thing that worries Mrs. Block.



Ask the people who went to Europe as summer war correspondents, except Mary Chamberlain of the Survey. She was a "peace correspondent." Says Miss Chamberlain: "Instead of saying to myself, Here is a war for me to write about,' I said, Here is a war that has got to end sometime, I will look for the peace currents underneath.' And the biggest current is women. What other group of people have been able to put across two international conferences during the war, with Germans and Italians and Poles and Austrians anything together between sessions? Women want peace more passionately than anybody else because they know the price of human life.



LOU ROGERS, behind the big desk of the little red schoolhouse in the north Maine woods, married about the last cartoonist talked at woman suffragists. Then she thought of that saying about the last laugh and journeyed to Boston to learn about drawing. Now Miss Rogers leaves all the worrying to the statistics for her audacious pictures laugh at their foibles all day long from magazines, newspapers, and billboards. Chaplin is mightier even than the pen, says our foremost woman cartoonist.





NELLE SWARTZ of the Consumers League keeps an eye on the folks who make our bread and butter and insists that it be all wool and a yard wide, in the manner of speaking. Last year, when some thrifty canners up the State in New York attempted to rush a seventy-two-hour bill through, Miss Swartz was a great annoyance to them. It is not highbrow or sensible to work women twelve hours a day for the sake of a few cans of peas. Miss Swartz told the legislature, which believed her.

Albany is no place for a woman, and the canners cronies

MARGARET SANGER worried about the too large families of the poor, and, being a trained nurse with a turn for writing, she began publishing information on birth control. This brought her into the class of law-breakers, according to a couple of our lousy Federal statutes. So now Mrs. Sanger is playing the part of a political exile on foreign shores, with plenty of time to worry about when she is going to be able to see her husband, children, and native land again without being popped into prison the moment afterward.

REBECCA EDELSON Anarchist worries about whatever unjust thing happens to be about. Last spring she personally conducted the first American lumber strike and while convalescing from her three days fast got re-arrested in Tarrytown for worrying out loud about John D.'s treatment of the Colorado strikers. Whereupon she defended her own case and was acquitted. The police dislike "Becky" because she is so epigrammatic. "Dynamite is the great leveler" is one of her terse sayings.

The Popcorn Man

By MARY SYNON

Illustrations by J. L. Coll



You! she cries. She looked as if she were bracing herself to ...

OCTOBER, lifting banners of purple and scarlet and gold, met the Popcorn Man as he drove into the North Shore Road. Hildegarde Hadley, swinging along toward the ... Club, met him in front of the ... gate of the university. October's ... and one of her vagabond children gave to the Popcorn Man gracious greeting. Hildegarde Hadley, slim and circumspect, would have passed him by, had he not whistled to her ... quick glance ... and the fraternity ... The ...

... impenetrability of ancient ... Neither pavement nor walls betrayed ... pressure. Hildegarde ... the whistle sounded, too melodious ... too important for robin ... Hildegarde turned, and saw at the edge of the parkway a white wagon, drawn by a sturdy brown horse and driven by a ... brown-haired young man ... young man's eyes were twinkling, and his lips were curved in a friendly smile. As Hildegarde paused, he ... of the ...

... he carried to her ... she cried. With her feet planted wide and her hands deep down in ... herself to withstand a shock ... "said the Popcorn Man ... his hand to his forehead in salute. He ...

... to meet her with a jauntiness of ...

... he laughed. He studied Hildegarde ... rested upon her radiant ...

"... or do you prefer ... roasted peanuts?"

"I didn't lose it. I won it."

"... He waved to the wagon with ...

... the outdoor world ... "Doesn't my father preach it, ... his books, from dewy dawn to dewy eve ..." "He does," conceded the Popcorn Man, "and I practise it every day from noon till midnight."

"... at a the joke?"

"... not a joke. It's stern reality. I ... earning my daily bread by making and selling popcorn to the youth of the North Shore. It's very good popcorn ..."

"David Ross, do you mean to tell me that you've given up a college professorship to drive a popcorn wagon?"

"I've taken a leave of absence to make ..."

"You're mad—mad as a March hare."

"On the contrary, I'm beginning to believe myself the only sane man who has ever escaped in time from you gray ... He waved his hand in the direction of the stately buildings of the university.

"Whatever made you think of it?"

"If I were to answer my inspirations," the Popcorn Man said, "I believe I should have to give the ... of the impulse to your father."

... Amazement lifted ...

"... read his last novel, a charming story ... who went through Brittany in a gypsy van. I didn't want to go to Brittany, but I liked the ... some Scotch in me, though, and ... disliked the notion of aimless and unprofitable wanderings; so I bought this ...

... cushioned seat back of the counter he took up the reins. The big white van jogged along the road, brushing against the low branches of trees ... yellowing ...

... say if he saw ... "He'd say, 'My child, ... my philosophy of life ... of the silly snobbish ... in slavery ... ally enlightened but emotionally benighted town.' Isn't that what he'd ...

"Perhaps you think it is." Hildegarde dimpled as she cautiously peeped at the ... of the white house. "You see, ... only know my father through his ... Father's very unconventional ... He talks about Sapphires as ... had gone to school with them, but he wouldn't let mother call on Mrs. ... I mustn't say her name, but she's the ... father chose for one of his heroines, although he'd never met her ... and your mother didn't call?"

... She sounded interested ...

... She talked about her clothes for twenty minutes before I could get away."

"What did your father say?"

... think it of me."

"I should like to believe it of you."

... of your father's heroines ... to go to the end of the world—in a popcorn wagon." His sidelong glance, as well as his intonation, sent the blood to Hildegarde's face.

"... David," she said earnestly, "Never before in my life d...

... what you mean ... You see, I ...

... art. We had ... walked along the shore on ... up in the ... night when ... incredibly small salaries use their bonds and propose to the daughters of ... Why ...

"... books" ... to a while. David ... Oh, why ... it again? And here ... her wide-eyed gaze wandered furtively out over the wide lawns ... hospitably broad verandas, with frightened consciousness that a popcorn wagon may focus the attention of ... eyes.

"Well, we have to talk about it ... David, you know that I meant ... and before I went away."

"I know you meant part of what you said. That's why I'm selling popcorn."

"I don't see how ..."

"It's quite simple. You said you believed your father was right when he advised you never to marry a man on a salary. You said you simply couldn't ... settle down into a professor's wife. You said it firmly. Then you went away to Bar Harbor to visit the Hastings, who have five million dollars and a good-looking son who likes you. I went up to the Rainy Lake country, and watched the northern stars, and read Swinburne, and told myself that I should 'never again be friends with roses.' ... mooned around up there for a month. Then I woke up with a start, and looked life in the face. I saw myself as you saw me, and I came back to work over the job. I asked for a leave of absence from the Romance Department, and I bought this wagon, and painted it white. Don't you like it?"

"No, I don't!" Her eyes blazed fire. "I think you're making fun of me. I meant what I said about your being a professor. I hate professors. I hated myself for not having you for being a professor. I thought you ought to go into business. But I didn't mean that I wanted you to go on a popcorn wagon. It's too humiliat..."

"It's perfectly honest, legitimate business, Hildegarde." The laughter went out of his voice. "I'm supplying a real need, even though I'm not a producer. It's on a small scale, I'll admit, at ...

... eat, but it's not going ... the university and I'm going to ... more than this. And the money I make is more honest than most of the money ...

He pointed to the big houses along ... "... incidentally I'm enjoying life. Instead of teaching the elements of the French language to eighteen young men thinking about the football championship and the fall styles, I'm teaching myself ... there's a great big glorious ... right out here in front of us. Look ..."

THE brown horse had ambled along past ... Point Lighthouse and up toward the Ridge, drawing the white wagon to a high point of vantage ...

... brown house set in a ... salvia, of pale asters, of crimson dahlias, of ... orange marigolds, of tall, delicately tinted cosmos, peeped at them like ... To west and north ... fields, brown and gold with the stubble of wheat and corn, purple and gold with wild asters and goldenrod. Over it rested the blue haze of autumn ...

... he went on, reaching with his own ... hand for Hildegarde's. But Hildegarde drew back ... and he ended a little sadly ...

... She calls and calls each vagabond by ...

... gazed out over the upland shore with eyes that softened a ... the lingering loveliness of the departed summertime.

"I hoped you'd see it my way," he said. "I'm sorry, dear ... that you can..."

"Oh, it's lovely," Hildegarde sighed. "But, David ..."

"We aren't story-book ..."

"Why can't we be? Story-book people are the ones who do the right things, aren't they? They're the people with the truer vision. They know the fundamental things of life, and they don't bother with the non-essentials. The rest of us ... that we run around in circles ... petty toys from other chasing ...

children, t... some u... the great gift life s trying to offer us story-book people never miss that love's the great gift, isn't it? That's why they're wise—and happy."

"You talk just li... e of father's heroes." Her voice trembled a little as she ... out it gained decision as she ... not like one. You're ... me, David ... ridiculous I m ... rest of it ... stood up in the wagon, her hands in the pockets of her coat. The Popcorn Man appraised her power of determination and drove the brown horse to the edge of the road. "Shall I bring back the rings at five, my lady?" he asked as he helped her descend.

"It isn't funny, David," she said.

"It is very funny, Hildegarde," he answered.

But, as he drove back toward the town, the glory of October had gone from sky and lake, from woods and fields. A great wind came from the water, whirling the waves to foam and scattering dead leaves over the fallow fields. The brown horse hobbled along stumblingly, feeling no guiding hand upon the reins. The Popcorn Man was thin...

HE was still thinking, when he reached the North Shore Road. He had just ... across of the white house with red and white awnings when a ... the brick walk to the hedge. He lifted a commanding finger in the direction of the Popcorn Man.

David, recognizing ...egarde's father, halted the brown horse. "Popcorn, sir?" he inquired, shaking the popper over the ...

"I'll take a bag or two," ...adley came beside the wagon and eyed the Popcorn Man gravely, although there was a twinkle in his eyes behind his spectacles.

David handed two bags of popcorn to Hildegarde's father.

"Do you like to sell popcorn?" asked ...r Hadley.

"I do." David smiled down at h... from the superior height of the wagon.

"You haven't been doing it long?"

"Two months."

"Didn't I hear that you had been a professor at the university?"

"Probably ..."

"Yes."

"I'm a writer," Hildegar... plained. "My name is ... lips Hadley. I'm reall... very much interested and I thought ..."

"I'm grateful to you for the interest," said the Popcorn Man. "My ... David Ross, and I've read every book you wrote. It was your last one, 'The Romany Rose,' that sent me gypsying." ... met Hadley's beaming regard with cordial friendliness. "Won't you come ... try out the older man."

The Popcorn Man had the gift of hospitality and a boyish charm that had been capital in the co-educational enrollment for the Romance Department of the ... versity. Hadley accepted his invitation, settling himself comfortably in the place where Hildegarde had been. "I wonder," he ventured, "if there isn't a story back of your resol..."

"Th... turned ... from the Ridge Road, going into more frequented highways, now filling with throngs of students from morning classes.

"There is a girl," he told Hildegarde's father—"a very wonderful, beautiful girl and I care for her and I ..."

"Splendid!"

"No, it is not. She doesn't like the idea of having me run a popcorn perambulator."

"She hasn't the right idea," Hadley waxed warm. "Are you sure that she understands how really essential this venture of yours may be? Why, it's interested me tremendously. It seems to me the solution of many of our urgent economic problems. We have too many professional and semi-professional men on pauper salaries—too few cultured young men in buccaneer busi... Why, my dear Ross, ... Doesn't she see that? ... tried to make her, but she doesn't."

"I should like to meet her."

"I hope you will."

At Fountain Square Warren Phillips Hadley emerged from the popcorn wa... triumphant possessor of two bags of popcorn and a hundred mental notes upon the delightful personality of David R... The Popcorn Man watched him enter the bank, then chuckled as he drove the white wagon back toward the university grounds.

DAVID enjoyed luncheon on the ... corner while the wagon stood in ... the angled gate, sharing the repast with two divinity students who looked hungry. In the afternoon he drove along the shore, letting the reins droop while he wove dreams out of the blue October haze.

A troop of children, returning homeward from school, met him before he reached the Country Club. There were a do... riding in his wagon, plea... and flannel-shirted boys, wh... passed the club-house. Hildegarde was just entering the Hastings motor as the white wagon went by. The fun of his frolic suddenly ended.

He met her again, however, on the next afternoon. She was walking down the road, and he coaxed the children out of the wagon to make room for her. "I shouldn't do this," she said, "but I must talk with you. It was perfectly absurd for you to tell father what you did."

"About ..."

"Well, he doesn't know, of course, that it's about me, and he thinks that the girl is some silly, money-mad little fool who can't appreciate a real hero. You see, father looks at it just from a novelist's point of view. He talked about you so long at dinner last night that I almost told him that I was the girl."

"Why didn't you?"

"Don't you see, David," ... be patient—"that it will be all ... different when he knows I'm the girl? Oh, David, why don't you go back to the university?"

"But you don't like professors."

"I like them better than peddlers."

"I've made one sacrifice for you, Hildegarde, and I can't go back now."

They were silent as he drove through the twilight past the little brown house at the edge of the wood. They w... strangely quiet when they came to the place of the wide lawn. Only when he halted the wagon for her at the corner near her home did he speak.

"...uppose this is the end?" he asked her.

"It's the end," she said, and went away through the purple twilight.

The Popcorn Man did not sing on the days that followed. The children ... feeling, as children do, his friendliness did not heed his distemper, but played ... his wagon in the afternoons. The divinity students kept coming to him for his sympathy as much as for his more material hospitality. One by one the students in his last year's classes found him out and made little entries in the rings around his wagon, talking with him ...

... many of his vocation. Hadley often, choosing to ride with him a... town. But he never saw Hildegarde.

One night he left the wagon with one of the divinity students. It was a moonlight night. The Popcorn Man strolled near to Hadley's house ... beneath the open wind...

... Then some one began to sing, and he knew Hildegarde's voice. She was singing to music he had never before heard ... ... she had taught her ...

A memory of the day on the shore, a day of white clouds and of distant sail when she had said the words after ... rushed over him. The thrill of life, of ...

That is the land of ...
I see it shining plain
The happy highways wh...

The happy highways—how far they stretched to lands of yesterday! What dreams had paved them, what flowers had blossomed in their fields! Even now they summoned him, calling by the ... of Hildegarde's half-confession. If he ... back to the university would she ...

The memory of his pleas to her on that June night when they had looked upon the lake together came back to him as he stood listening to her clear voice faltering a little on the last words of the song. But with the memory of that night came the thought of another night—the moonlight ... the far Canadian woods, when he had awakened to the decision of his manhood. He had chosen his road and he we...

TWO days later he was summoned to appear before the faculty council. The ... by a considerable majority, demanded his resignation from their membership. "You have brought uni... notoriety and opprobrium up... sity too." the president tol... made no defense. In the next mor... newspapers he read the story of his expulsion from the staff, noting with amusement how the newspaper men had taken the opportunity for clubbing the institution. The afternoon newspapers printed Warren Phillips Hadley's defense of the point of view of the ...

For the first time ...



...garde's father had found a ... no more, a real romance at his very door. He made David's cause a burning issue, ... the newspapers as a medium. The ... versity was wrong, fatally irremediably, stupidly wrong. David Ross had the ... of life when he became the Pop...

... high resolves a... ... ter, Warren Phillips ... not so blind. He decided to show his appreciation of David's courage by entertaining in his honor at the Country Club.

"Wouldn't you like to have me invite the young lady?" he asked the Popcorn Man when he managed to find him ...

"... to come," replied ... will come."

Hildegarde's father held a flame to ... cigarette. "My daughter's quite interested in your romance," he said, "... she's asked herself to our little ... You won't mind her coming."

"Not at all," said the Popcorn ... wish," he added, "you'd ask ... students who are friends ... They don't get very much ..." ...plained, "and they love parties."

"We'll have everybody in town but ... faculty," said Hadley. "My daughter's bringing young Hastings and some of ..."

For a moment the sparkle went out of David's face. But after all, Hild... was coming to his party.

IF he lived to have every one in ... he had as many as the Cou... ...d hold in ... Phillips Hadley stood at the ... ...ducing to ... a long line of men ... Ross, in the white jacket ... his host ... insisted upon, gave to them the greet... of old friendship ... k... toward the door through ...

... ing frock, very demure beneath her father's look of pride, and explaining your ...

... murmur of "Delighted."

... escape.

"Well?" he demanded, when they were settled in a corner.

"What do you want me to do?" ... asked her after a long silence ...

"I want you to stay the Popcorn Man," she said. "You have had a lot to learn ..."

... room, where Hildegarde's ... ing three bankers, a senator, and a ...

David Ross. "Great experiment," ... saying, "and, I ...

"Yes," remarked Hildegarde.

Warren Phillips Hadley gasped. "... can't—" he started to say. Then ... the gleam in the eyes of the five men ... ing him. He saw too the little curving smile around David Ross's mouth. And, being an American gentleman with a twinkle of mirth in his soul, he grinned.

"Boys," he said, "the drinks are on me."

While the others were ...

David Ross slipped away from the club-house. "I want to go riding in your ..."

... se lights twinkled ... thousand kindly eyes, they rode ... the soul of October.

Backing Baxy in a Split



By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by F. Vaux Wilson

I [illegible] I should have breezed right by and not noticed him at all. But when you see one of your reg'lars settin' humped over in a railroad waitin' room, starin' troubled at the floor and blowin' absent-minded through his fingers, it's only human, ain't it, to stop and ask whether some one's violated his neutrality, or if he has a pain somewhere?

Besides, the Baxter Prices are neighbors [illegible] down on the Point [illegible] a couple of miles from us; and [illegible] more or less interested in 'em for quite a spell. So I pulls up just opposite the news-stand and walks back to where this husky, moon-faced young gent is givin' a public exhibit of mental distress.

"Is it as bad as you advertise," says I, "or worse?"

He lifts his head lifeless and gazes at me sort of vague and puzzled.

"Oh, [illegible] you, is it, Shorty?" says he. "What—what's the time?"

"Judgin' by the clock just over your head," says I, "it's goin' on for five-thirty."

At which he lets out a groan and blows through first one hand and then the other—a nutty little trick of his that I'd noticed before. He makes a kind of funnel out of his fingers, [illegible] through [illegible] hard, like he was tryin' to muffle his exhaust.

"Only six minutes more," says he. "Six minutes! Good heavens!"

"Fine!" says I. "You listen as tragic as you look. If it's something you're enjoyin' all by yourself, though, perhaps I'd better be—"

"No, no!" he breaks in. "Don't go away and leave me like this, McCabe. [illegible] to-morrow the whole world will know."

"Eh?" says I, gawpin' at him.

"[illegible] about Marje and me," says he. "[illegible] our ways."

"You've what?" says I. "Bust up?"

He nods. "Absolutely," says he. "Forever."

WHISTLES! Course, it's common enough in most any set, this makin' a slip-noose of the hymeneal knot; but you don't often get right up against it. And, while I'd never had any inside views of their affairs, I'd always classed the Baxter Prices [illegible] the permanent lovey-doveys. [illegible] by enough, [illegible] around together. You never can tell, though, can you? Such a pity, too, with their swell little place and all!

"Well, well!" says I. "Come kind of [illegible]

[illegible] all. An odd mixture [illegible] Mrs. Price has [illegible] left [illegible] go to mother, eh?" I suggests.

"No," says he. "I've just left for—for [illegible]

"Huh!" says I. "Quit first, did you?"

"I thought it would be easier for Marjorie," says he. "You see, her folks are out on the Coast this summer. It would [illegible] a long, hot trip. Besides, she's entered for the Ladies' Metropolitan series, and I understand she's playing her best golf—splendid form for her. Then there's another thing. She's just got her old cook back, the one that makes such wonderful waffles. And so— Well, you understand."

"Oh, sure!" says I. "You're willin' to separate her from anything but her waffles."

"We-e-ell," says he, "Marje is very fond of waffles, you know. Then I thought, too, that nothing need come out for a while; she could say I'd gone on a business trip—anything! But now—"

A bell starts ringin', and out from the wall back of us booms a canned [illegible]

Baxter jumps up. "There she is!" he gasps husky.

"Who?" says I. "Mrs. Price?"

"No," he says. "It's the meddlesome old relative of hers, Aunt Linnie. I—I've got to meet her."

"In that case," says I, "excuse me."

"Please, Shorty," says he, grabbin' [illegible] by the sleeve. "I—I'm too much unstrung to face her alone. You see, I'm sure she suspects that something is wrong. Some of Marjorie's folks must have sent [illegible] to her. She—she's always called in at such times, I understand."

"Sort of an Old Lady Fix-it, eh?" I says.

"Exactly," says he. "I've heard a lot about Aunt Linnie, although I've seen her only once—for just a moment at our wedding reception. But you can imagine the sort of person. She's past sixty, and rheumatic—gets around in a wheel-chair. That's why I had to wait and take her [illegible] I think. Anyway, she's in the semi-finals, second flight. One of the morning papers had [illegible] the short or [illegible] day [illegible]

[illegible] her out there. [illegible] once she's in the house. And if you go along, you know, she'll not dare open up on me. You see how it is. Come, McCabe, as a friend, now?"

[illegible] a winnin' way with him, as [illegible] his [illegible] overgrown and [illegible] there's that helpless, plea[illegible] eyes. They come mighty near bei[illegible] you'd call pop-eyes, and as a rule they're kind of starey and wanderin', as if he [illegible] seein' things beyond you and over your head; but when he steadies 'em down they're different—friendly and chummy [illegible] Anyway, I falls for the help[illegible]

[illegible], "anybody who would stand by a friend threatened by his wi[illegible]

[illegible] bustles along to the gate of Track [illegible] with the rest of the [illegible] and braces ourselves [illegible] shows just how foolish a stunt you can [illegible] by not payin' strict at[illegible] affairs. Here I am actin' as body-guard to a 180-pound husk who's been votin' [illegible] the Subway was opened. He's [illegible] last one, too, I'd ever expect [illegible]

[illegible] ter. On [illegible] was walkin' [illegible] gents who go [illegible] in his sleep. [illegible] ager of a big concern downtown—some society functions over in Jersey. And the S. O. people don't have somnambulists on their staff as a rule, you know.

"That must be Aunt Linnie," says he, [illegible] and pointin' down to the end [illegible], where a red-capped porter is pushin' a wheel-chair along.

COURSE what I'd [illegible] expectin' [illegible] was [illegible] faced old dame with [illegible] But this placid-fa[illegible] mouse-[illegible] dust-coat and the perky [illegible] other outlet seems to be [illegible] around mild and friendly, as if she might be real folksy wi[illegible]

[illegible] steps out to claim her.

She comes right back at him, too, with the pleasant greetin'.

"Gra-cious!" says she, holdin' on to his [illegible] "I wasn't lookin' [illegible] you wouldn't have [illegible] pushed around like a sack of flour. I'm not really such a cripple as all this! But John would [illegible] a chair to meet [illegible] How big and distinguished you loo[illegible] ing real savage about that!

[illegible] there's a mild, gentle look on her deep-lined old face that [illegible] wel[illegible] just put on. She talks sort of [illegible] and with a catchy little break in [illegible]

[illegible] right, I guess," says Baxter, a bit forced [illegible]

Professor McCa[illegible]

"Oh!" says Aunnie [illegible]

[illegible] she never mentions family troubles. [illegible] last six weeks' stay at some mud-bath sanitarium, and hints how she was just startin' to visit a friend [illegible] she got this note from John's wife suggestin' that she ought to stop off and see Marjorie for a while first.

"Huh!" grunts Baxter. [illegible]

[illegible] says Aunt Linnie [illegible] a twinkle in her eye that Baxter don't seem to see, for [illegible] keeps on gettin' nervous and restless, and starts blowin' through his fingers again. [illegible] another word, though, until we gets to the house. Then the first thing he does is to hike into the dinin'-room and grab a [illegible] the sideboard [illegible] stands watchin' him through the door.

"Hope you don't mind [illegible] nerves, you know."

"Not at all," says Aunt[illegible] little hot water an' sugar with mine."

And, say, the minute I saw [illegible] stirrin' up that toddy I began [illegible] she was a good old sport. Baxter, though, can't seem to think of anything but his own troubles.

"[illegible] no good, you know, Jane's sending you here now," he breaks out. "Things have gone too far. I'm sorry, Aunt Linnie, but this is one affair you can't [illegible]

She stares at him, sort of [illegible] astonished.

"What?" says she. "Me straighten anything? Why, that's just plain foolish. I never could keep my own affairs untangled, and as for other folks'—[illegible]

"But you came here because [illegible] though you could patch things u[illegible] [illegible] demands.

SHE'S a cool, steady old girl. She knew when she'd been caught with the goods.

"If I did," says she, "I've changed mind. In fact, I never was much in favor of patching things up. If two young people find they can't live happily together they ought to quit trying, and the sooner the better."

Baxter gasps. "Precisely what I decided this afternoon," says he. "It's been simply awful."

"I don't doubt it a bit," agrees Aunt Linnie, fishin' for the last bit of sugar in [illegible]

"We—we've barely spoken to each other for a week," he goes on.

"I don't blame you, either of [illegible]

[illegible] says Baxter, his eyes popp[illegible]

[illegible] er—not yet," says he. "You [illegible] I'd only just made up my mind the [illegible]

"If I were you," says she, "I'd bring suit at once, and put down in writing all the mean, horrid things she has said and done to you, before you forget any. Get them all in. There is a lot of satisfaction in telling such things to a lawyer. You are going to turn her out of the house, of course."

"Why, no," says Baxter, actin' sort of dazed. "I—I was leaving myself. I had my things all packed when—"

"That is the next best thing," breaks in Aunt Linnie. "Leave her. And I presume you have written a note denouncing her for a cruel, treacherous, wicked woman?"

"Wha-a-at?" gasps Baxter. "See here, Aunt Linnie, you're speaking of my wife, you know."

"And my niece, Baxter," she fires back at him.

"But she's neither wicked nor cruel nor treacherous," he insists.

Aunt Linnie glances over at me and shrugs her shoulders. Maybe she winked.

"Oh, very well," says she. "Of course I've seen very little of her since she was a slip of a girl. I suppose, then, it's on account of her vicious temper?"

"Temper!" says Baxter. "Marje! Nothing of the sort. It's merely that we're not congenial; that we—well, we don't get along. We squabble, sulk, nag at each

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"It's a case of his goin' his way [illegible]"

other. Oh, it's been something terrible! I can't stand it, that's all. And I'm going [illegible]

[illegible] climes in Aunt Linnie. "Don't endure it for another moment. That is, you might [illegible] been ordered."

"Dinner will be served at seven, as [illegible] word [illegible]

"Who packed it, Baxter?" says she.

[illegible] everything you need until Marjorie sends your trunks? Your pajamas, evening [illegible] kit-bag and pawin' through it panicky. "I—I believe I did forget those blamed [illegible]

[illegible] Aunt Linnie. "Then, there [illegible] "If I haven't left it on the hook in the bath-room!"

[illegible] how about shoes?" [illegible] he'd packed two left pumps, when the [illegible] other half of this domestic sketch.

SHE'S a plump, high-colored little party [illegible] of those freak lids that looks like a pudding-mold explodin' through the top.

Her big, lively eyes opens a bit wider at sight of the pal Baxter on our knees [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Price, he tries to look cold and dignified, but it ain't much of a success. May- [illegible] demands Mrs. Price.

[illegible] husband?"

[illegible] Baxter says she [illegible]

him a week to explain anything. Besides, he's grouchy about something or other. [illegible]

"Tell her," says Baxter.

Nice job, wa'n't it? Like breakin' the [illegible] the proposition as gentle as I could.

"It's a case of his goin' his way and let- [illegible]

[illegible] I was afraid some one had been taken ill."

"Marjorie [illegible] be frivolous at such a crisis. I tell you that I—"

[illegible] Aunt Linnie and Mr. McCabe just what is the matter with you."

[illegible] because I dozed off the other [illegible] Baxter—"

"He does," says Mrs. Price. "He's been [illegible] longer. He is Rowland Rice."

[illegible] one who—"

[illegible] Marjorie. "Those sweet, slushy blurbs, mostly in the [illegible] so on. That was bad enough. But when [illegible] them all over again and those silly reviews as well—"

[illegible] here!" breaks in Baxter [illegible] to listen while you tell [illegible]

[illegible] sliced into the rough off his first, got bunkered on third, holed out with a mashie [illegible] the home green. That sort of thing, by [illegible]

"But you never had listen," protests Marjorie.

[illegible] back Mr. Price. "I don't go to sleep."

[illegible] Marjorie. [illegible] too. Just think, Aunt Linnie—a whole batch of reviews at once!"

[illegible] "I'm afraid it's hopeless," says she. "But I don't know just what to advise. [illegible] ment. The courts here might grant a de- [illegible] go to some place like South Dakota [illegible] if Baxter could leave his business long enough."

[illegible] says Mr. Price [illegible]

cided. "He has already [illegible] We took a motor [illegible]

"Then you must [illegible] Marjorie," says Aunt Linnie. "You might like it to there and [illegible]

"I shan't go a step [illegible] think it's horrid [illegible] would get in the papers. [illegible] put me off my game, thinking about it. Besides, for all Baxter's such a silly, I—I've got used to having him around."

"But," says Aunt Linnie, "if you no longer love each other—"

"We do, though, we do!" protests Marjorie. "Don't we, Baxy dear?"

With that she makes [illegible] and gives him the fond tackle around the belt, and snuggles her head against his vest, regardless of the pudding-mold lid.

As for Baxter, after one sheepish glance at us, he folds her in tender [illegible]

"I guess we do, after all," says he.

"Gra-shus, not to say alle-mercy!" says Aunt Linnie, tippin' me the humorous wink. "In that case—"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," says a new man, edgin' in shy, "but dinner is served, ma'am."

"Thank goodness for that," says Marjorie, pattin' her hubby on the cheek. "I'm nearly starved. Come on, everybody. No, wait a minute. Just to show how good I'm going to be. Baxy— Here! Give me a match."

At which she produces a golf score, touches it off and throws it onto the fireplace.

Does that get Baxter? It does. This time it's him starts the cheers.

"I guess I can make a burnt offering, too," says he.

And what he adds to the blaze is a bunch of them precious book reviews that [illegible] the grate.

"WELL," says I [illegible] "it ain't every family scrap you can end with a bonfire."

[illegible] to burn."

[illegible] Baxter [illegible]

But, say, I got a hunch that spite of all [illegible] Aunt Linnie [illegible]

Behind the Bolted Door?

Continued from page 4

again D. Hope was still crying, but with a sort of happiness. [illegible]

"And you'd never suspected that?"

[illegible] I could feel that marriage hadn't satisfied her.

"No."

[illegible] of bigger life. I felt at times that she'd [illegible]

[illegible] have." The Doctor himself was greatly moved. "Poor woman! Poor dear [illegible]

[illegible]

They entered the other room together. When they emerged ten minutes later [illegible] nounced a death sentence.

[illegible] devil himself is in this. But at any rate, I know now why she sent for me. But I would never have believed it [illegible] lieved it."

[illegible]

"Bishy, old man," he interrupted, [illegible] on the afternoon of the murder?"

[illegible] of the various ways in which [illegible] modern psychology [illegible] the detection of crime."

I was. And in many ways during [illegible] still to try.

[illegible] if you ask, of trance and medium."

"Trance and medium?" Again the [illegible]

[illegible]

"I [illegible] Inspector, that you'd [illegible]"

"But, hell, Doctor, hell! And what [illegible]

Lanehan had found McGlynn in Mrs. Fisher's library, where Hooley had been

killed. They were standing almost on the spot itself.

"Perhaps we may hear the voice again, or be able to produce some further knocking."

"Voice an' knockin'! Dr. Laneham, you've got a long way beyond that. Now tell me your idear. What is any séance goin' to do? Come, now—speakin' man to man?"

And with frankness Lanehan told him:

"This: I hope it may give us Mrs. Fisher's murderer. I hope it may even furnish the evidence for his conviction. In fact, there's such a thing, you know, as making your murderer convict himself."

"All right—go ahead. I give you my blessin'. An' who do you want to have there? Glasbury, first of all?"

"If he's physically up to it by to-night."

"An' if he's not? You'll postpone it?"

"Yes, for a day or two."

"Good. You'll be wantin' those elevator-boys, too?"

"Both of them. Will you see to that?"

"They'll be there!"

"And I'd like to have Grogan—your patrolman who was with poor Hooley when they got him. Then, of course, there will be yourself and Willings and Judge Bishop and myself."

"What about Fisher? Oh, I don't *want* him. He's sure the original blighter. No more mercy to him than the chair itself! I've been fightin' him off Glasbury ever since he heard of *him*. But it's his right, you know. An' when you're holdin' it in his apartment?"

"Very well; have him also."

HE decided, in the end, to use the "morning-room," the room between Mrs. Fisher's bedroom and the library. But in practically every room there was something to be done.

First of all, Lanehan had brought in half a dozen full-length mirrors.

"We shall sit here, in the morning-room," he said; "but we must be able to command the whole apartment, from one end to the other. And, if we leave the doors open and arrange these mirrors properly, we can do it easily enough. You'll have noticed that in the door to the pool there's already one to start with."

He had got some black velvet, and was making every window absolutely dark.

"It's necessary," he explained; "and I believe the medium will also wish to control all inside lights."

Nobody saw the medium, except Lanehan, until the night when they were taking their places for the séance itself. In a sense, they did not see her then. For she was still in her cabinet—the right-hand corner of the room, cut off from them by another velvet curtain. The Doctor assigned them to their places. He did it without comment or explanation. But already, even upon the Judge, there was the feeling of the weird and the impending.

To the last, he kept Glasbury outside.

"Lanehan," he said, "once more, you yourself see the shape he's in; and, if he were a thousand times guilty—"

"I know it, I know it," the Doctor answered. "But I've never said that he was guilty. The thing must go on now; and he must take a part in it."

So Glasbury was brought in. And he could see or feel for himself what was preparing.

For, in the first place, in that middle room only light enough had been left to see them to their chairs. And in the other rooms the darkness was absolute. The chairs had been arranged in a circle around a table, or a circle completed by the cabinet. And the Doctor still went and came between them and the door.

Fisher was the next to arrive. He appeared not to take his eyes from Glasbury from the first. He chose a chair directly opposite him; and, dim though the light was, one could see the young playwright shrink and sicken beneath his gaze.

Then Patrolman Grogan, very white, was led in. And after him, in McGloyne's keeping, were the two West Indian elevator-men. It would be absurd to say that they were white; but their eyes showed white. And they rolled them from side to side in deadly fear.

For another moment Lanehan waited. Then he closed the door, found his way to his own chair,—the one nearest the cabinet,—and the last light went out. There was a sort of rustle of the sable curtain. One could feel, rather than see, that the medium had come forth. And next moment she was lighting some kind of dim and tiny lamp.

IT merely made the darkness visible. It did not even let them see her face. Apparently she was wholly covered by a kind of gray-white cowl, pierced at the eyes. But even of that Willings could not be certain. He only knew that she was motioning them to place their hands upon the table. Then, when they had done it, as if with the mere passing of her own hand that little light began gradually to die down. It died and died, so slowly that they did not really know when it was wholly gone. And, while the darkness seemed tangibly to creep upon them, all sat silent, rigid and unmoving.

For a minute they sat so—for two, for three; ten minutes, indeed, it might have been. And then—

Slowly at first, then more quickly, the table itself was moving.

It was not rising from the floor, as tables are supposed to do at séances. It was not "turning," or moving from side to side. It was as if its surface had become charged and wavelike, as if it were rising and pushing itself against their palms in waves of living power. Willings knew, from the little outbreathed gasps of those about him, that the others felt it also. And he looked again at the medium. In one sense, he could not see her. In another he could see her with a distinctness more than earthly. For the outline of her head and shoulders seemed pricked out in a species of wavering, shifting phosphorescence. And, at the same moment, from the direction of the library and the little writing-room, he heard a sound, a sound of rapping.

It was precisely that same rapping that had followed the murder, and, even as then, it seemed to stop his heart. He knew, too, that the same shudder was going through the circle from end to end.

He looked back at the medium. That phosphorescence was gone. Save for a moving grayness, one could no longer have said that the woman was even there.

And then the next thing followed. Dr. Lanehan, after placing his mirrors, had closed all the doors and locked them. But now—there could be no doubt of it—slowly, without the help apparently either of hand or key, one of those doors was opening.

From the nearest mulatto elevator-man came a long, shuddering whine of terror.

"Oh, h'avens above, boss," he said. "h'avens above! I kain't stand this! My Lawd, let me out!"

"If you go out now," breathed Lanehan, "you go alone."

At the same moment the rapping had come again. And the fellow dropped back into his chair in a new reaction of fear.

"Boss," he began, "I—I—I—"

"Gawd!"

It was Grogan who spoke then.

For something was moving and swelling out the curtain of the cabinet. It was more like an emanation than an actual presence. The medium was still there. But next moment they all felt that the door from the library was opening. And Willings, his skin lifting like fur, knew that some one, or something, was passing through the room.

The thing, whatever it was, was passing through to the doors that led to the bedroom and dressing-room and swimming-pool. But at the first door it stopped. It rapped again—with the very hand of death—and, "Oh, God! Oh, my God, my God!" it cried.

They were Glasbury's words, and it was Glasbury's voice. And yet, beside him, Willings could feel the man himself. He put out his hands and touched him—a touch that came back to him in an answering shudder.

But the medium now was speaking:

"Whom do you seek?"

"Him who knows," the answer came.

"And how will you know him?" she asked again.

"By what he will know—the signs of death and the things of death."

For a moment there was silence again, silence almost more unnerving than that horrid dialogue itself. Then:

"And what are the things of death," the medium asked.

Again one of the elevator-men tried to get to his feet.

"Sit down," whispered the Doctor, "or it will be the worse for you."

"What are the things of death?" the cowled figure asked again.

The tiny lamp was apparently alight again, and in her hand threw a disk of light upon the table.

Again the answer came:

"The first is this."

Willings put out his hand as if to guard himself. But there was no need. What was falling from nowhere upon the center of that table was nothing that could harm. At first—in that half darkness—it seemed a liquid. Then, as it piled itself up, they could see that it was merely common salt.

Yet, at that same moment, there was a sound as of some one getting jerkily up from his place, and then forcing himself back to his seat again.

"And the second is this."

Again from nowhere there dropped into that disk of light a tiny wire. It was not gold. It did not seem to be silver. In a curling, dancing spiral it danced before them elfishly, then was gone.

"And the third is this."

Once more the table was clear. Then, where the salt had been, there appeared first a green-covered magazine, and then—in its place—a little pile of gray-brown, breath-blown ashes.

Again some one had started to rise, with the gasp of one who tries to breathe through a throat dried gaggingly.

BUT, at the moment, no one gave heed. For—all could hear it plainly—the door began to open to those rooms behind them, to the bedroom and the dressing-room. There remained only the door of the swimming-pool itself. And then, from the *other* side of it came a second sound of rapping.

"Hell!" choked McGloyne. "Hell!"

"She must come out! She must come out!"

The thing in that middle room was speaking again: "The woman who is dead is seeking some one. He, and only he, must open to her."

Again came the rapping. Yet still no one stirred.

"Then—then I must open to her!"

But it went no further.

"Let me out! Let me out!"

The cry was bursting from some one in endless shrieks. A chair had fallen, too—another and another. A whole group of figures, indeed, seemed to reach the door together. And a moment later pursuers were mingling with pursued. Willings saw only that one figure had disappeared into the central stairway—the stairway up which the Doctor had all but gone to his death two nights before. And, like Lanehan, that figure too burst through the fire-door that led to the elevator landing on the floor above.

The hole where the wire-glass had been broken out was still there. And therefore it was still possible to reach in through it and open the elevator door. It was what the Doctor had done. It was what that figure was doing. But, having done it, with one more shriek, ending only in eternity, it was plunging to the bottom of the shaft!

To be continued next week

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He Hunts Among the Wild Taxicabs



There are Numidian lions and Indian elephants in Central Park, but it isn't these that Hunter Hassler pursues; instead, he gets up early to stalk the ferocious New York street cat.

MANY men with sporting proclivities would like the job that earns Arthur Hassler his living. He is the official hunter of Central Park, New York, his work being to keep the park clear of stray cats and dogs, hawks, and rats. Hassler is a sharpshooter of the National Guard, and a marksman of national repute. He has no fixed beat. In the early morning he is likely to be prowling around the upper part of the park, stalking cats. In the afternoon he will probably be seen silently watching the rocky sides of the lake, waiting for a chance to put a bullet into one of the numerous rats that make life miserable for the swans and ducks.

Or you may come upon him watching the sky for the appearance of one of the great hawks that come soaring from the New Jersey mountains.

"Cats are the worst of my troubles," said Hassler, in speaking of his work. "They are more cautious than dogs, and better able to climb into out-of-the-way hiding-places. Dogs are easier to find. The rule is that no dogs are allowed in the park, and I am at liberty to kill any dog I see; but of course I exercise discretion. But listen!"

From the little lake below came the frightened cries of ducks and swans. Near by, the leader of the buffalo herd roared an angry challenge, which was answered by the snarl of a lion. A jarring note in the chorus was the honk of a taxicab's horn on Fifth Avenue.

"It's old Broadway Bill again," murmured the hunter, turning his gaze skyward.

Although the big black eagle was flying more than a mile high, Hassler had spotted him, and his gun was ready as the eagle swung in a circle and prepared to swoop down on a fat black swan that huddled near the edge of the lake.

But just then a fire engine came dashing up Sixth Avenue, its bell ringing furiously. The eagle took fright and flew away.

"But I'll get him yet!" said the hunter as he regretfully put up his rifle.

A Baby Who Lives in a Cage

LITTLE Margaret Isabel MacDonald is a thirteen-months-old baby who lives in a cage. She was bundled into it the first warm day of early spring, and spent the entire summer vacationing there, to the amusement of all Manhattanites who happened to pass along Amsterdam Avenue between 124th and 125th streets. The cage is suspended in hammock fashion from the window-casings of one of the front windows of the baby's home.

At first it was placed on a fire-escape in the rear of the building; but other tenants objected, on account of the fire ordinance, and the cage was moved to its present position over the street. Shady in the mornings, in the stifling summer afternoons it caught every whiff of New Jersey air that found its way across the Hudson.



Do you want your baby to have plenty of fresh air? Put it in a cage and hang it out of the window, like this baby.

All winter long, while Margaret lay in her crib and did nothing but eat and breathe and sleep, her father hammered at the framework of her summer home. With a roll of wire netting and some twenty feet of the wooden planks littering the kitchen he utilized every spare moment designing, cutting, and finishing the little cage. It is shaped like a dog-kennel, the sides and roof are of screening, and the floor is wood.

When the cage itself was finished a canvas hammock was stretched from hooks on either side, and then—since it was not allowed on the fire-escape—the father made a trip to a hardware store for heavy pegs, and Baby MacDonald found herself swinging joyfully over the awning of an Amsterdam Avenue butcher shop.

You Can Buy This Town

"WHO wants to buy a town? Somebody start it off at something. A nice, homelike town, accommodating 1300 residents; a town sixty-five years old; four churches, high school, all kinds of stores, a bank, hotel, two grist-mills, a grain elevator, water-works, electric light plant, shady streets, beautiful lawns. Somebody make a bid. The only condition is that the purchaser, after paying for the town, shall destroy it."

Osborn, Ohio, whose importance conforms to this description, has been knocked down bodily at a price of $700,000, and will be scrapped.

Every one will recall that in the spring of 1913, Dayton, Ohio, was the scene of a terrible flood. Ever since that time plans have been under way to prevent a recurrence of such a disaster. These involved a large engineering problem. After it had been worked out it had to be fought through the State Legislature. There was opposition; it was urged that what might protect Dayton would increase the menace, in case of high waters, to other communities in the same section.

Finally the Dayton scheme received, with certain modifications, the sanction of the law-making powers. It creates what is known as the "Miami Valley conservancy district." When streams go mad, their surplus waters are to be diverted and stored.

The town of Osborn stands at a vulnerable point with respect to the proposed storage area. It has a little river of its own which behaves badly at times. If augmented at flood stage by water escaping from the conservancy district almost anything might happen. It became incumbent upon those responsible for the new project to furnish protection to Osborn. The idea in mind for this has been the building of a big dam. But even good dams are sometimes carried away, and Osborn remained nervous over the prospect.

Recently Mr. M. L. Finnell, a leading capitalist of Osborn, broached the unique proposal that Osborn people should on their own initiative pick up and go while the going was good, rather than run even the remote risk of being unceremoniously hurried off in their beds some night. This met with the approval of Mayor Hebble. The citizens were won over to the idea and the town became for sale.

As a matter of course, the conservancy district was the one logical purchaser. The district officials responded promptly. The expense of buying the town, it was estimated, would be less than that of building the dam, not to mention the elimination of a possible danger of some time drowning a whole community. The deal was closed the first week in August. The amount of outlay involved is approximate, but is not expected to be far from $700,000. The terms, as arranged through the town officials, provide that each property-owner is to receive individually full value for his or her holding. The vacating of premises by everybody within a reasonable length of time is to be compulsory, after which the town will be wrecked.

Swatting the High Cost of Living

OUR national bugaboo, the high cost of living, has not nearly so many terrors for many persons in the big cities of the country as it used to have. The buying clubs of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and scores of other densely populated towns, will tell you that. By joining hands in filling their market baskets direct from farmers' fields and from big creameries of the Middle West, thousands of city consumers are now buying fresh eggs, sound red apples, sweet butter, and vegetables with the bloom still on, at prices twenty per cent. lower than ever before. Coöperation, pure and simple, has done the trick.

Neighborhood Clubs One Solution

TAKE the case of the neighborhood club in a certain prominent New York suburb. Its hustling housewife members have managed to reduce their butter bills practically one fourth by dealing with producers direct. Although the club started with only three members, it has now grown to immense size, and to-day purchases butter in 200-pound lots, eggs by the 30-dozen case (often 1,000 dozen a month), and poultry by the hundredweight. The Christmas turkey order of the club last December was nearly 900 pounds. Orders are placed with the producers through the local express agent, and shipments are made direct to the home of the secretary of the organization.

In Chicago there is a buying club even larger than this. Its four hundred members—all employees of a nationally famous mercantile firm—purchase more than $1,000 worth of country produce each week. A paid secretary is employed to attend to the immense supplies of provisions shipped in. He divides according to the order of each employee, and wraps the package ready to be taken home. Honey, maple syrup, frogs' legs, cherries, crab-meat, and other delicacies have proved popular, besides staples like eggs, butter, and dressed poultry. The heads of the firm strongly encourage the idea, allowing the accounts of the club to be carried on the books of the firm. They reason that it is worth something to them as an efficiency step toward the increased welfare of their men.

Go to Fort Wayne, Indiana, though, if you want to see the buying club idea in its brightest glory. There are nearly fifty clubs in the town, representing some 300 families, or 1,500 persons. In a single day one of the express agents was showered with orders for lake fish to the extent of a ton and a half. The fishermen up on Lake Erie, who were trying to sell their catches through some of the transportation companies, were swamped with a surplus of orders several times during the season. But Fort Wayne's clubs did not stop at fish and butter and eggs—they reached out into California's fruit valleys and imported prunes, peaches, cherries, oranges, and all kinds of nuts freshly packed by the producers' own hands. Even ripe olives and sun-dried California figs and raisins traveled the transcontinental route to the door-steps of the Indiana club members.

Fifth Avenue Has Its Club

PERHAPS you think Fifth Avenue is too snobbish to lift a finger toward cutting its living expenses. Decidedly not. One of New York's largest buying clubs is located on the fashionable promenade. One day last spring three large express wagon-loads of country produce were delivered at the headquarters of this organization. Its members, most of them workers in one of the city's most famous shops, were simply receiving their week's rations. Here is a sample of what they ordered in one week:

240 pounds country bacon.
90 pounds smoked hams.
500 dozen eggs (packed in 1-dozen cartons for convenience).
300 pounds creamery butter (in 1-pound cartons).
10 bushels apples.



Fresh eggs and vegetables, direct from the farmer to your door, is the latest solution of the H. C. of L.

The "Combination Shipment"

SOME of the farmers and growers who cater to the buying club trade have made a great deal of money in the last year. A man in Cattaraugus, New York, who had been selling his few eggs to local markets, got wind of the willingness of the transportation companies to find markets for country producers' crops, and shipped a trial order to a lower Broadway club. These city folk had never tasted such eggs at anything like the price the up-State man had quoted. "Keep us supplied with your eggs every week," several big clubs wrote him. To do which the Cattaraugus man was hard pushed. But finally, without dropping his standard of quality at all, he began to gather in the best eggs of his neighbors, and thus was able to supply the demand. In a few months his business grew to $4,000 a month.

Other keen producers have specialized in what is called the "combination shipment." You and your neighbors want apples and potatoes, or tomatoes and berries, but you don't want to buy a lot at once. The farmers of Long Island lay plans for just such people. They get up neat hampers of assorted vegetables, suitable for a small buying club, or even for a large family, and ship direct to your door-step for a stated price. One successful Maryland farmer sells soft-shell crabs, eggs, and fresh vegetables in a 15-pound package; another in New York State has worked up a humming trade in maple syrup and buckwheat flour—a gallon of the first with ten pounds of the latter. There is more than one way to "swat the high cost of living."

He Has Lived 103 Years—in Kansas

By WALT MASON

Why do they call it "bleeding Kansas"? Because so many people have scratched themselves on the barbed-wire fences in their haste to get out.

But John Munsinger has lived there 103 years. That's such an unbelievably long time that we had Walt Mason write a poem twice the usual length.



AT Howard, Kansas, in the fall, they hang the banners on the wall, and make a loud and cheerful noise, inviting all the girls and boys, who've wandered from the town afar to hitch their wagons to a star, to come back home and see the folks, and swap some helpful yarns and jokes.

Home-coming Week's the big affair to all the loyal people there. They get together and arrange a program that is weird and strange: they've an imported tattooed man, and wondrous jugglers from Japan, and side-show barkers raise their yells, and Swiss bell-ringers ring their bells, and rockets soar and whistles screech—and John Munsinger makes a speech.

A blithe and active man is he, although his years—fivescore and three—have bleached his whiskers and his hair, and made him like an easy-chair. You'd think him only half his age when he steps forth upon the stage, his cheerful little spiel to speak in honor of the festive Week. He talks a while of divers things; some reminiscences he springs; and then brings forth a round of cheers by daring men of equal years to run a foot-race for a prize—he'll take on any one his size. A fiddler now begins to saw the strains of "Turkey in the Straw," and John Munsinger steps a jig—say, isn't that achievement big? When youths of eighty totter round all tremblingly, as though they found the burden of their years too great to let the bearers stand up straight, what think you of this ancient man whose merry feet go rat-a-plan?

Descendants of old John abound in all the fertile country round. When last we made a census close, those scions numbered just a gross, and all of them are good as wheat—the men are strong, the damsels sweet.

"I have no theories cut and dried concerning living," John replied, when I blew in with balmy smile and asked him questions by the mile. "I think that worry is to blame for making people quit the game and seek the bone-yard ere their time; and worry is a useless crime.

"I've always tried to do my best, and worry ne'er disturbed my rest. Care sidesteps one who thus has tried; what can't be helped I just let slide. When I have done my evening chores, and kicked the tomcat out of doors, and wound the clock and banked the fire, I calmly to my couch retire, without a care or fear on hand, and sleep all night to beat the band."

Don't worry, if you wish to be like John when aged fivescore and three!

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